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LExINGTON.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were
sleeping,

Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun;
Waving her golden veil
Over the silent dale,

Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
Hushed was his parting sigh,
While from his noble eye

Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is
springing,

Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is
wet!

Faint is the feeble breath,
Murmuring low in death,

"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
Nerveless the iron hand,

Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hill-sides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst
rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering-drum.
Fast on the soldier's path
Darken the waves of wrath;

Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,

Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn,
Voiceless the trumpet horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,

Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is
raving,

Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;

Far as the tempest thrills
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,

Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying

Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her northern pine,
Long o'er the foaming brine,

Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won.

From the National Era.

APRIL.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The Spring comes slowly up this way.

CHRISTABEL.

'T is the noon of spring-time, but never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or maple is heard ;
For green meadow grasses, wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should
blow,

Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
By south-sloping brook-sides should smile in the
light,

O'er the cold winter beds of their late waking
roots,

The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots ;
And, longing for light under wind-driven heaps,
Round the holes of the pine wood the ground
laurel creeps

Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst
into flowers !

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the South !
The touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy
mouth ;

For the yearly Evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod.
Up our long river valley for days has not ceased
The wail and the shriek of the bitter North-east,
Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and
snow,

All the way from the land of the wild Esquimaux.
Oh, soul of the spring-time ! its balm and its
breath,

O, light of its darkness, and light of its death !
Why wait we thy coming ? Why linger so long
The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy
song ?

Renew the great miracle ! Let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old !
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has
lain,

Awake with the warmth and the brightness
again,

And in blooming of flower, and budding of tree,
The symbols and type of our destiny see —
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the
soul !

From the Atlas.

EVERY one, at some period of life, has felt
the utter futility of deciding that any place,
no matter how much present happiness arises
from its proximity, will be always attractive.
Some domestic calamity renders an apartment,
once redolent of joy and youthful pleasure,
the darkest spot in the whole mansion, and we
turn away from the door with a shudder,
where, in other days, we entered with a light
heart and a song on our lips. A trifle will
sometimes strip a scene of great natural beauty
of all its glories, and hang dark clouds where
only sunshine has lingered. The following

poem is descriptive of an incident in the experience of some friends of the writer—an experience, or one of a similar nature, quite common to all.

THE LITTLE HAND.

Our hut was near the ocean marge,
One summer many a year ago,
Where, all around, the huge rocks plunged
Their giant forms in deeps below.

We used to see the sun go down
The watery western skies afar,
And hail, with eager, childish joy,
The light of every new-born star.

Along the beach, among the cliffs,
Our days in pastime seemed to glide,
As if the hours were made to mark
The ebb and flow of ocean's tide.

We said : "Till all our locks are gray,
Each year in June we'll hither roam,
And pitch our tent—no other spot
Shall be our life-long summer home."

One morn we strolled along the shore,
To watch the waves come rolling in ;
The night had been a night of fear,
Of thunder crash, and tempest din,

In glee we sang our ocean songs,
As on we moved across the sand —
"What's that among the salt sea-weed ?"
A little, helpless human hand !

We put the cold, wet grass aside,
The gathering surf we brushed away,
And there, in pallid death's embrace,
A ship wrecked child extended lay.

We took it from the murderous wave,
Looked once upon the storm-scared eyes,
Then scooped a grave where waters moan,
And oft the wailing sea-bird flies.

The charm had fled—the hut, the cliff,
The beach, so often wandered o'er,
Were poisoned by a lifeless hand —
We went—and we returned no more !

ON HARMONY.

WHEN whispering winds do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart ;
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part ;

When threads can make
A heart-string quake ;
Philosophy
Will scarce deny
The soul can melt in Harmony.

O hush me, hush me, charming air,
My sense is rocked with wonders sweet ;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft, like spirit's, are thy feet.

Grief who need fear,
That hath an ear ? —
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

From the Westminster Review.

THACKERAY'S WORKS.

1. *The Paris Sketch Book.* By MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. 2 vols.
2. *Comic Tales and Sketches.* By M. A. TITMARSH. 2 vols. 1841.
3. *The Irish Sketch Book.* By M. A. TITMARSH. 2 vols. 1843.
4. *Vanity Fair.* 2 vols. 1848.
5. *Pendennis.* 2 vols. 1850.
6. *The Book of Snobs.* 1848.
7. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq. Written by Himself.* 3 vols. 1852.

FIVE years ago, in dedicating the second edition of "June Eyre" to the author of "Vanity Fair," Currer Bell spoke of him thus:—"Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized; because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to rectitude the warped system of things; because I think no commentator on his writings has yet found the comparison that suits him, the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding; they talk of his wit, humor, comic powers. He resembles Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could stoop on carrion, but Thackeray never does. His wit is bright, his humor attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent sheet-lightning, playing under the edge of the summer-cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb." When this was written, Mr. Thackeray was not the popular favorite he has since become. He counts readers now by hundreds, where then he only counted tens. In those days, Currer Bell's panegyric was pronounced extravagant by many who now, if they do not echo, will at least scarcely venture to dispute it; but it may be doubted whether, up to the present time, full justice has been done by any of Mr. Thackeray's critics to the peculiar genius of the man, or to the purpose with which his later books have been written. It is not, indeed, to the Press that he owes the appreciation which it is probable he values most. Its praise has generally been coupled with censure for what has occupied his most deliberate thought, and been conceived with the most earnest purpose. While it has extolled his wit, his keen eye, his graphic style, his trenchant sarcasm, his power of exposing cant and Pharisaism in all its phases, it has, at the same time, been loud in its outcry against the writer's cynicism and want of faith, the absence of heroism and elevation in his characters—the foibles of all his women, the vices of all his men.

Enough, and more than enough, has been said and written upon these points; but among a large section of his readers it has long been felt, that it may not have been without a purpose that Mr. Thackeray has never endowed his characters with ostentatious heroic virtues, or dwelt much on the brighter aspects of humanity; that his most unsparing ridicule, and his most pungent delineations of human folly or vice, are not tinged by the sour humors of the cynic or misanthrope, but that, through his harshest tones, there may be heard the sweet under-notes of a nature kindly and loving, and a heart warm and unspoiled, full of sympathy for goodness and all simple worth, and of reverence for all unaffected greatness.

Not many years ago, when reputations which are now effete were at their zenith, a pen was busy in our periodical literature, in which the presence of a power was felt by those who watched that literature, which seemed only to want happier circumstances to develop into forms worthy of a permanent place among English classics. Under many patronymics, its graphic sketches and original views were ushered into the world. The immortal Yellowplush, the James de-la-Pluche of a later date, the vivacious George Fitzboodle, the versatile Michael Angelo Titmarsh, were names well-known and prized within a limited circle. In Mr. Thackeray's lucubrations under all these pseudonyms, there was a freshness and force, a truthfulness of touch, a shrewdness of perception, and a freedom from conventionalism, whether in thought or expression, which argued in their originator something more akin to genius than to mere talent. Here was a man who looked below the surface of things, taking nothing for granted, and shrinking from no scrutiny of human motives, however painful; who saw clearly and felt deeply, and who spoke out his thought manfully and well. In an age of pretence, he had the courage to be simple. To strip sentimentalism of its frippery, pretension of its tinsel, vanity of its masks, and humbug literary and social of its disguises, appeared to be the vocation of this graphic satirist. The time gave him work to do in abundance, and manifestly neither skill nor will were wanting in him for the task. Best of all, he did not look down upon his fellow-men from those heights of contempt and scorn, which make satirists commonly the most hateful as well as the most profitless of writers. The hand that was mailed to smite had an inward side soft to caress. He claimed no superiority, arrogated for himself no peculiar exemption from the vices and follies he satirized; he had his own mind to clear of cant as well as his neighbors', and professed to know their weak side only through a consciousness of his own. Just as he proclaimed

himself as Mr. Snob, *par excellence*, when writing of the universal snobbishness of society at a later date, so in the "Confessions of Fitzboodle," or "The Yellowplush Papers," he made no parade of being one whit wiser, purer, or more disinterested than other people. Relentless of foppery, falsehood, and rascality, however ingeniously smoothed over or concealed, he was not prone to sneer at frailty, where it laid no claim to strength, or folly where it made no pretence of wisdom. The vices of our modern social life were the standing marks for the shafts of his ridicule, but here and there, across his pages, there shot gleams of a more pleasing light, which showed how eagerly the lynx-eyed observer hailed the presence of goodness and candor, and generosity, whenever they crossed his path.

That he may, in those days, have thought them rarer than his subsequent experience has proved, is more than probable; and, indeed, this circumstance gave to many of his earlier sketches a depth of shade, which leaves an impression on the mind all the more painful, from the terrible force with which the tints are dashed in. No man ever sketched the varieties of scoundrelism or folly with more force than Yellowplush or Fitzboodle, but we cannot move long among fools and scoundrels without disgust. In these sketches, the shadows of life are too little relieved for them to be either altogether true to nature, or tolerable as works of art. We use them as studies of character, but, this purpose served, are fain to put them aside forever after. Hence, no doubt, it was that these vigorous sketches, at the time they appeared, missed the popularity which was being won by far inferior works; and hence, too, they will never become popular even among those whom Mr. Thackeray's subsequent writings have made his warmest admirers. Bring them to the touchstone whose test all delineations of life must bear, to be worthy of lasting repute — the approval of a woman's mind and taste — and they are at once found to fail. Men will read them, and smile or ponder as they read, and, it may be, reap lessons useful for after needs; but a woman lays down the book, feeling that it deals with characters and situations, real perhaps, but which she can gain nothing by contemplating. No word, image, or suggestion, indeed, is there to offend her modesty — for, in this respect, Mr. Thackeray in all his writings has shown that reverence for womanhood and youth, which satirists have not often maintained; — but just as there are many things in life which it is best not to know, so in these pictures of tainted humanity there is much to startle the faith, and to disquiet the fancy, without being atoned for by any commensurate advantage. With what admirable force, for example, are all the characters etched in Yellowplush's

"Amours of Mr. Deuceace!" The Hon. Algernon Percy Deuceace himself — his amiable father, the Earl of Crabs, Mr. Blewitt — where in literature shall we find such a trio of scoundrels, so distinct in their outlines, so unmistakably true in all their tints? How perfect too, as portraits, are Dawkins, the pigeon, of whom Deuceace and Blewitt, well-trained hawks, make so summary a meal, and Lady Griffin, the young widow of Sir George Griffin, K.C.B., and her ugly step-daughter Matilda! No one can question the probability of all the incidents of the story. Such things are happening every day. Young fools like Dawkins fall among thieves like Deuceace and Blewitt, and the same game of matrimonial speculation is being played daily, which is played with such notable results by Deuceace and Miss Matilda Griffin. The accomplished swindler is ever and anon caught like him, the fond silly woman as constantly awakened like her, out of an insane dream, to find herself the slave of cowardice and brutality. Villany so cold, so polished, so armed at all points, as that of the Earl of Crabs, is more rare; but men learn by bitter experience, that there are in society rascals equally agreeable and equally unredeemed. There is no vulgar daubing in the portraiture of all these worthies; — the lines are all true as life itself, and bitten into the page as it were with vitriol. Every touch bears the trace of a master's hand, and yet what man ever cared to return to the book, what woman ever got through it without a sensation of humiliation and disgust? Both would wish to believe the writer untrue to nature, if they could; both would willingly forego the exhibition of what, under the aspect in which it is here shown, is truly "that hideous sight, a naked human heart."

Of all Mr. Thackeray's books this is, perhaps, the most open to the charge of sneering cynicism, and yet even here glimpses of that stern but deep pathos are to be found, of which Mr. Thackeray has since proved himself so great a master. We can even now remember the mingled sensation of shuddering pity and horror, with which the conclusion of this story years ago impressed us. Deuceace, expecting an immense fortune with Miss Matilda Griffin, who, on her part, believes him to be in possession of a fine income, marries her; — the marriage having been managed by his father, the Earl of Crabs, in order that he may secure Lady Griffin for himself, with all Miss Griffin's fortune, which falls to her ladyship, in the event of Matilda marrying without her consent. Lady Griffin has previously revenged herself for the Honorable Algernon's slight of her own attachment to him, by involving him in a duel with a Frenchman, in which he loses his right hand. The marriage once concluded, Deuceace and his wife find their mutual mistake, and the penni-

less pair, on appealing for aid to the Earl of Crabs and his new-made wife, are spurned with remorseless contempt. What ensues, let Mr. Yellowplush tell in his own peculiar style:—

About three months after, when the season was beginning at Paris, and the autumn leaves was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me and Mortimer, were taking a stroll on the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly ahead, and us as happy as possibill, admiring the pleasant woods, and the golden sunset.

My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the exquisit beauty of the seane, and pouring forth a host of butifule and virtuous sentament sootable to the hour. It was dalitese to hear him. "Ah!" said he, "black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air!"

Lady Crabs did not speak, but prest his arm, and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the inflinents of the seane, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sat a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd seane befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white seems and copper buttons; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his countints. He was not shaved, and as pale as stone.

My lord and lady didn take the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer lickwise took our places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstrame dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screeching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

Deuceance turned round. I see his face now—the face of a devvle of hell! Fast, he lookt towards the carriage, and pointed to it with his maimed arm; then he raised the other, and struck the woman by his side. She fell, screaming.

Poor thing! Poor thing!

There is a frightful truthfulness in this picture that makes the heart sick. We turn from it, as we do from the hideous realities of an old Flemish painter, or from some dismal revelation in a police report. Still, the author's power burns into the memory the image of that miserable woman, and his simple exclamation at the close tells of a heart that has bled at the monstrous brutalities to the sex, of which the secret records are awfully prolific, but which the romance writer rarely ventures to approach. If we have

smiled at the miserable vanity and weakness of poor Matilda Griffin before, we remember them no more after that woful scene.

"The Luck of Barry Lyndon," which followed soon after the appearance of "The Yellowplush Papers," was a little relieved by brighter aspects of humanity, but so little, that it can never be referred to with pleasure, despite the sparkling brilliancy of the narrative, and abundant traces of the most delightful humor. How completely, in a sentence, does Barry convey to us a picture of his mother!

Often and often has she talked to me and the neighbors regarding her own humility and piety, pointing them out in such a way, that I would defy the most obstinate to disbelieve her.

The same vein of delicate sarcasm runs throughout the tale, where every page is marked by that matchless expressiveness and ease of style for which Mr. Thackeray is the envy of his contemporaries. The hero is as worthless a scoundrel as ever swindled at *ecarté*, or earthed his man in a duel. He narrates his own adventures and rascalities with the artless *naïveté* of a man troubled by no scruples of conscience or misgivings of the moral sense—a conception as daring as the execution is admirable. For a time the reader is carried along, with a smiling admiration of the author's humor, and quiet way of bringing into view the seamy side of a number of respectable shams; but when he finds that he is passed along from rake to swindler, from gambler to ruffian—that the men lie, cheat, and cog the dice, and that the women intrigue, or drink brandy in their tea, or are fatuous fools, the atmosphere becomes oppressive, and even the brilliancy of the wit begins to pall. Yet there are passages in this story, and sketches of character, which Mr. Thackeray has never surpassed. Had these been only mingled with some pictures of people not either hateful for wickedness or despicable for weakness, and in whom we could have felt a cordial interest, the tale might have won for its author much of the popularity which he must have seen, with no small chagrin, carried off by men altogether unfit to cope with him in originality or power.

There is always apparent in Mr. Thackeray's works so much natural kindness, so true a sympathy with goodness, that only some bitter and unfortunate experiences can explain, as it seems to us, the tendency of his mind at this period to present human nature in its least ennobling aspects. Whenever the man himself speaks out in the first person, as in his pleasant books of travel—his "Irish Sketch Book," and his "Journey from Cornhill to Cairo"—he shows so little of the cynic, or the melancholy Jaques—finds so hearty a delight in the contemplation of all

simple pleasures, and so cordially recognizes all social worth and all elevation of character, as to create surprise that he should have taken so little pains in his fictions to delineate good or lofty natures. That this arose from no want of love for his fellow-men, or of admiration for the power which, by depicting goodness, self-sacrifice, and greatness, inspires men with something of these qualities, is obvious — for even at the time when he was writing those sketches to which we have adverted, Mr. Thackeray's pen was recording, with delightful cordiality, the praises of his great rival, Dickens, for these very excellences, the absence of which in his own writings is their greatest drawback. It is thus he wrote in February, 1844, of Dickens' "Christmas Carol." We quote from "Fraser's Magazine."

And now there is but one book left in the box, the smallest one, but oh! how much the best of all. It is the work of the master of all the English humorists now alive; the young man who came and took his place calmly at the head of the whole tribe, and who has kept it. Think of all we owe Mr. Dickens since those half-dozen years, the store of happy hours that he has made us pass, the kindly and pleasant companions whom he has introduced to us; the harmless laughter, the generous wit, the frank, manly, human love which he has taught us to feel! Every month of those years has brought us some kind token from this delightful genius. His books may have lost in art, perhaps, but could we afford to wait? Since the days when the *Spectator* was produced by a man of kindred mind and temper, what books have appeared that have taken so affectionate a hold of the English public as these? They have made millions of rich and poor happy; they might have been locked up for nine years, doubtless, and pruned here and there, and improved (which I doubt), but where would have been the reader's benefit all this time, while the author was elaborating his performance? Would the communion between the writer and the public have been what it is now — something continual, confidential, something like personal affection? . . .

Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness. The last two people I heard speak of it were women; neither knows the other or the author, and both said, by way of criticism, "God bless him!" . . . As for TINY TIM, there is a certain passage in the book regarding that young gentleman about which a man should hardly venture to speak in print or in public, any more than he would of any other affections of his private heart. There is not a reader in England but that little creature will be a bond of union between the author and him; and he will say of Charles Dickens, as the woman just now, "God bless him!" What a feeling is this for a writer to be able to inspire, and what a reward to reap!

In a writer who felt and wrote thus, it was

most strange to find no effort made to link himself to the affections of his readers by some portraiture, calculated to take hold of their hearts, and to be remembered with a feeling of gratitude and love! Whatever Mr. Thackeray's previous experiences may have been, however his faith in human goodness may have been shaken, the very influences which he here recognizes of such a writer as Dickens must have taught him how much there is in his fellow-men that is neither weak nor wicked, and how many sunny and hopeful aspects our common life presents to lighten even the saddest heart.

The salutary influence of Dickens' spirit may, indeed, be traced in the writings of Mr. Thackeray about this period, tempering the bitterness of his sarcasm, and suggesting more pleasing views of human nature. The genius of the men is, however, as diverse as can well be conceived. The mind of the one is as hopeful as it is loving. That of the other, not less loving, though less expansive in its love, is constitutionally unhopeful. We smile at folly with the one; the other makes us smile, indeed, but he makes us think too. The one sketches humors and eccentricities which are the casualties of character; the other paints characters in their essence, and with a living truth which will be recognized a hundred years hence as much as now. Dickens' serious characters, for the most part, relish of melodramatic extravagance; there is no mistake about Thackeray's being from the life. Dickens' sentiment, which, when good, is good in the first class, is frequently far-fetched and pitched in an unnatural key — his pathos elaborated by the artifices of the practised writer. Thackeray's sentiment, rarely indulged, is never otherwise than genuine; his pathos is unforced, and goes to the roots of the heart. The style of Dickens, originally lucid, and departing from directness and simplicity only to be amusingly quaint, soon became vicious, affected, and obscure: that of Thackeray has always been manly and transparent, presenting his ideas in the very fittest garb. Dickens' excellence springs from his heart, to whose promptings he trusts himself with an unshrinking faith that kindles a reciprocal enthusiasm in his readers: there is no want of heart in Thackeray, but its utterances are timorous and few, and held in check by the predominance of intellectual energy and the habit of reflection. Thackeray keeps the realities of life always before his eyes; Dickens wanders frequently into the realms of imagination, and, if at times he only brings back, especially of late, fantastic and unnatural beings, we must not forget, that he has added to literature some of its most beautiful ideals. When he moves us to laughter, the laughter is broad and joyous; when he bathes the cheek in tears, he leaves

in the heart the sunshine of a bright after-hope. The mirth which Thackeray moves rarely passes beyond a smile, and his pathos, while it leaves the eye unmoistened, too often makes the heart sad to the core, and leaves it so. Both are satirists of the vices of the social system; but the one would rally us into amendment, the other takes us straight up to the flaw, and compels us to admit it. Our fancy merely is amused by Dickens, and this often when he means to satirize some grave vice of character or the defects of a tyrannous system. It is never so with Thackeray: he forces the mind to acknowledge the truth of his picture, and to take the lesson home. Dickens seeks to amend the heart by depicting virtue; Thackeray seeks to achieve the same end by exposing vice. Both are great moralists; but it is absurd to class them as belonging to one school. In matter and in manner they are so thoroughly unlike, that when we find this done, as by Sir Archibald Alison, in the review of the literature of the present century in his "History of Europe," we can only attribute the mistake to a limited acquaintance with their works. Of Dickens, Sir Archibald apparently knows something, but he can know little of Mr. Thackeray's writings, to limit his merits, as he does, to "talent and graphic powers," and the ridicule of ephemeral vices. On the contrary, the very qualities are to be found in them which in the same paragraph he defines as essential to the writer for lasting fame — "profound insight into the human heart, condensed power of expression," — the power of "diving deep into the inmost recesses of the soul, and reaching failings universal in mankind," like Juvenal, Cervantes, Le Sage, or Molière.

Sir Archibald comes nearer to the truth when he ascribes to Mr. Thackeray the want of imaginative power and elevation of thought. But what right have we to expect to find the qualities of a Raphael in a Hogarth, or of a Milton in a Fielding? If genius exercises its peculiar gifts to pure ends, we are surely not entitled to ask for more, or to measure it by an inapplicable standard. It cannot be denied that Mr. Thackeray's ideas of excellence, as they appear in his books, are low, and that there is little in them to elevate the imagination, or to fire the heart with noble impulses. His vocation does not lie peculiarly in this direction; and he would have been false to himself had he simulated an exaltation of sentiment which was foreign to his nature. It has always seemed to us, however, that he has scarcely done himself justice in this particular. Traces may be seen in his writings of a latent enthusiasm, and a fervent admiration for beauty and worth, overlaid by a crust of cold distrustfulness, which we hope to see give way before happier experiences, and a more extended range of observation. To find the good and

true in life, one must believe heartily in both. Men who shut up their own hearts in scepticism are apt to freeze the fountains of human love and generosity in others. Mr. Thackeray must, ere now, have learned, by the most pleasing of all proofs, that there is a world of nobleness, loving-kindness, purity, and self-denial in daily exercise under the surface of that society whose distempers he has so skillfully probed. The best movements of his own nature, in his works, have brought back to him, we doubt not, many a cordial response, calculated to inspire him with a more cheerful hope, and a warmer faith in our common humanity. Indeed, his writings already bear the marks of this salutary influence; and it is not always in depicting wickedness or weakness that he has latterly shown his greatest power.

The unpretending character of Mr. Thackeray's fictions has no doubt arisen in a great degree from a desire to avoid the vices into which the great throng of recent novelists had fallen. While professing to depict the manners and events of every-day life, their works were, for the most part, essentially untrue to nature. The men and women were shadows, the motives wide of the springs of action by which life is actually governed, the sentiments false and exaggerated, the manners deficient in local coloring. Imaginative power was not wanting, but it revelled so wildly, that it merely stimulated the nerves, and left no permanent impression on the heart or understanding. Elevation of sentiment abounded in excess, but the conduct of the heroes and heroines was frequently hard to square with the rules of morality, or the precepts of religion. Bulwer's genius had run wild in pseudo-philosophy and spurious sentimentalism. James was reeling off interminable yarns of florid verbiage. Mrs. Gore's facile pen was reiterating the sickening conventionalisms of so-called fashionable life; and Ainsworth had exalted the scum of Newgate and Hounslow into heroic beings of generous impulses and passionate souls. Things had ceased to be called by their right names; the principles of right and wrong were becoming more and more confounded; sham sentiment, sham morality, sham heroism, were everywhere rampant; and romance-writers every day wandering farther and farther from nature and truth. Their characters were either paragons of excellence, or monsters of iniquity — grotesque caricatures, or impossible contradictions; and the laws of nature, and the courses of heaven, were turned aside to enable the authors to round off their tales according to their own low standard of morality or ambition, and narrow conceptions of the working of God's providence. In criticism and in parody, Mr. Thackeray did his utmost to demolish this vicious state of things. The main

object of his "Luck of Barry Lyndon," and his "Catharine Hayes," was to show in their true colors the class of rogues, ruffians, and demireps, towards whom the sympathies of the public had been directed by Bulwer, Ainsworth, and Dickens. Mr. Thackeray felt deeply the injury to public morals, and the disgrace to literature, inflicted by the perverted exercise of these writers' powers upon subjects which had hitherto been wisely confined to such reconcile chronicles as "The Terrible Register," and the "Newgate Calendar." Never was antidote more required; and the instinct of truth, which uniformly guides Mr. Thackeray's pen, stamped his pictures with the hues of a ghastly reality. Public taste, however, rejected the genuine article, and rejoiced in the counterfeit. The philosophical cut-throat, or the sentimental Magdalene, were more piquant than the low-browed ruffian of the condemned cell, or the vulgar Circe of Shire-lane; and until the mad fit had spent itself in the exhaustion of a false excitement, the public ear was deaf to the remonstrances of its caustic monitor.

Nor was it only in the literature of Newgate, as it was well named, that he found matter for reproof and reformation. He had looked too earnestly and closely at life, and its issues, not to see that the old and easy manner of the novelist in distributing what is called poetical justice, and lodging his favorites in a haven of common-place comfort at the close of some improbable game of cross-purposes, had little in common with the actual course of things in the world, and could convey little either to instruct the understanding, to school the affections, or to strengthen the will. At the close of his "Barry Lyndon," we find his views on this matter expressed in the following words:—

There is something *naïve* and simple in that time-honored style of novel-writing, by which Prince Prettyman, at the end of his adventures, is put in possession of every worldly prosperity, as he has been endowed with every mental and bodily excellence previously. The novelist thinks that he can do no more for his darling hero than to make him a lord. Is it not a poor standard that of the *summum bonum*? The greatest good in life is not to be a lord, *perhaps not even to be happy*. Poverty, illness, a humpback, may be rewards and conditions of good, as well as that bodily prosperity which all of us unconsciously set up for worship.

With these views, it was natural that in his first work of magnitude, "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray should strike out a course which might well startle those who had been accustomed to the old routine of caterers for the circulating libraries. The press had already teemed with so many heroes of unexceptionable attractions, personal and mental—so many heroines, in whom the existence

of human frailty had been altogether ignored; we had been so drenched with fine writing and poetical sensibility, that he probably thought a little wholesome abstinence in all these respects might not be unprofitable. He plainly had no ambition to go on feeding the public complacency with pictures of life, from which nothing was to be learned—which merely amused the fancy, or inflated the mind with windy aspirations, and false conceptions of human destiny and duty. To place before us the men and women who compose the sum of that life in the midst of which we are moving—to show them to us in such situations as we might see them in any day of our lives—to probe the principles upon which the framework of society in the nineteenth century is based—to bring his characters to the test of trial and temptation, such as all may experience—to force us to recognize goodness and worth, however unattractive the guise in which they may appear—in a word, to paint life as it is, colored as little as may be with the hues of the imagination, and to teach wholesome truths for every-day necessities, was the higher task to which Mr. Thackeray now addressed himself. He could not carry out this purpose without disappointing those who think a novel flat which does not centre its interest on a handsome and faultless hero, with a comfortable balance at his banker's, or a heroine of good family and high imaginative qualities. Life does not abound in such. Its greatest virtues are most frequently hid in the humblest and least attractive shapes; its greatest vices most commonly veiled under a fascinating exterior, and a carriage of unquestionable respectability. It would have cost a writer of Mr. Thackeray's practised skill little effort to have thrown into his picture figures which would have satisfied the demands of those who insist upon delineations of ideal excellence in works of fiction; but, we apprehend, these would not have been consistent with his design of holding up, as in a mirror, the strange chaos of that "Vanity Fair," on which his own meditative eye had so earnestly rested.

That Mr. Thackeray may have pushed his views to excess, we do not deny. He might, we think, have accomplished his object quite as effectually by letting in a little more sunshine on his picture, and by lightening the shadows in some of his characters. Without any compromise of truth, he might have given us somebody to admire and esteem, without qualifications or humiliating reserves. That no human being is exempt from frailties, we need not be reminded. The "divine Imogen" herself, we daresay, had her faults, if the whole truth were told; and we will not undertake to say, that Juliet may not have cost old Capulet a good deal of excusable anxiety. But why dash our admiration by needlessly

reminding us of such facts? There is a wantonness in fixing the eye upon some merely casual flaw, after you have filled the heart and imagination with a beautiful image. It is a sorry morality which evermore places the death's-head among the flowers and garlands of the banquet. In "Vanity Fair," Mr. Thackeray has frequently fallen into this error; and he has further marred it by wilfully injuring our interest in the only characters which he puts forward for our regard. Anxious to avoid the propensity of novelists to make Apollos of their heroes, and paragons of their heroines, he has run into the opposite extreme, and made Dobbin — the only thoroughly excellent and lovable character in the book — so ungainly as to be all but objectionable, and his pet heroine, Amelia, so foolishly weak as to wear out our patience.

This is all the more vexatious, seeing that the love of Dobbin for Amelia is the finest delineation of pure and unselfish devotion within the whole range of fiction. Such love in woman has often been depicted, but Mr. Thackeray is the first who has had the courage to essay, and the delicacy of touch to perfect, a portraiture of this lifelong devotion in the opposite sex. It is a favorite theory of his, that men who love best are prone to be most mistaken in their choice. We doubt the truth of the position; and we question the accuracy of the illustration in Dobbin. He would have got off his knees, we think, and gone away long before he did; at all events, having once gone, the very strength of character which attached him to Amelia so long would have kept him away. Why come back to mate with one whom he had proved unable to reach to the height of the attachment which he bore her? Admirable as are the concluding scenes between Amelia and the major, we wish Mr. Thackeray could have wound up his story in some other way, for nothing is, to our minds, sadder among the grave impressions left by this saddening book, than the thought that even Dobbin has found his ennobling dream of devotion to be a weariness and a vanity. It is as though one had ruthlessly trodden down some single solitary flower in a desert place.

Mr. Thackeray has indicted a similar shock upon his readers' feelings in handing over Laura Bell, with her fresh, frank heart, and fine understanding, to Arthur Pendennis, that aged youth, who is just as unworthy of her as Amelia is of Dobbin. If such things do occur in life — and who has been so fortunate in his experiences as to say they do not! — is the novelist, whose vocation it is to cheer as well as to instruct, only to give us the unhappy issues of feelings the highest and purest, and never to gladden us with the hope that all is not disappointment, and our utmost bliss not

merely a putting up with something which might have been worse! With all the latitude of life to choose from, why be evermore reminding us of the limitations of our happiness — the compromise of our fairest hopes! It was a poor and false conception of human happiness which placed it always in worldly prosperity; but is it not also wide of truth, to make the good and noble always suffer, and to teach that all high desires are vain — that they must either be baffled, or, if achieved, dissolve in disappointment! This is a cheerless creed, and false as cheerless; and it is by bringing it too prominently forward, that Mr. Thackeray has exposed himself to a charge of cynicism and want of heart.

Of these defects, however, no thoughtful reader will accuse him. His writings abound in passages of tenderness, which bespeak a heart gentle as a woman's, a sensitiveness only less fine; a depth of pity and charity, which writers of more pretence to these qualities never approach. "The still, sad music of humanity" reverberates through all his writings. He has painted so much of the bad qualities of mankind, and painted them so well, that this power has been very generally mistaken for that delight in the contemplation of wickedness or frailty, and that distrust of human goodness, which constitute the cynic. But this is to judge him unfairly. If his pen be most graphic in such characters as Becky Sharp, the Marquis of Steyne, Miss Crawley, or Major Pendennis, it is so because such characters present stronger lines than the quiet charities or homely chivalry in which alone it is possible for excellence to express itself in the kind of life with which his writings deal. Such men and women strike the eye more than the Dobbins, the Helen Pendennises, and Warringtons of society. These must be followed with a loving heart and open understanding, before their worth will blossom into view; and it is, to our mind, one of Mr. Thackeray's finest characteristics, that he makes personages of this class so subordinate as he does to the wickedly amusing and amusingly wicked characters which crowd his pages. This, indeed, is one of those features which help to give to his pictures the air of reality in which lies their peculiar charm, and make us feel while we read them as though we were moving among the experiences of our own very life. Here and there amid the struggle, and swagger, and hypocrisy, and time-serving, and vanity, and falsehood of the world, we come upon some true soul, some trait of shrinking goodness, of brave endurance, of noble sacrifice. So is it in Mr. Thackeray's books. In the midst of his most brilliant satire, or his most crowded scenes, some simple suggestion of love and goodness occurs, some sweet touch

of pathos, that reveals to us how kind is the nature, how loving and simple the soul, from which they spring.

It is not cynicism, we believe, but a constitutional proneness to a melancholy view of life, which gives that unpleasant color to many of Mr. Thackeray's books which most readers resent. He will not let his eye rest upon a fair face, without thinking of the ugly skull beneath, and reminding himself and us "that beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes." In his heartiest mirth he seems to have in view the headache, or the labors of to-morrow. Because all humanity is frail, and all joys are fleeting, he will not hope the best of the one, nor permit us to taste heartily of the other. He insists on dashing his brightest fancies with needless shadows, and will not let us be comfortable, after he has done his best to make us so. There is a perversity in this, which Mr. Thackeray, in justice to himself and kindness to his readers, should subdue. Let him not diminish his efforts to make them honest, and simpler, and wiser; but let him feed them more with cheerful images, and the contemplation of beauty without its flaws and worth without its drawbacks. No writer of the day has the same power of doing this, if he pleases. We could cite many passages in proof of this, but can it be doubted by any one who reads the following essay, from the series which appeared in *Punch* some years ago, as from the pen of Dr. Solomon Pacifico?

ON A GOOD-LOOKING YOUNG LADY.

Some time ago I had the fortune to witness at the house of Erminia's brother a rather pretty and affecting scene; whereupon, as my custom is, I would like to make a few moral remarks. I must premise that I knew Erminia's family long before the young lady was born. Victorina her mother, Boa her aunt, Chinchilla her grandmother—I have been intimate with every one of these ladies; and at the table of Sabilla, her married sister, with whom Erminia lives, have a cover laid for me whenever I choose to ask for it.

Everybody who has once seen Erminia remembers her. Fate is benevolent to the man before whose eyes at the parks, or churches, or theatres, or public or private assemblies, it throws Erminia. To see her face is a personal kindness for which one ought to be thankful to Fortune; who might have shown you Caprella, with her whiskers, or Felissa, with her savage eyes, instead of the calm and graceful, the tender and beautiful Erminia. When she comes into the room, it is like a beautiful air of Mozart breaking upon you; when she passes through a ball-room, everybody turns and asks who is that princess, that fairy-lady? Even the women, especially those who are most beautiful themselves, admire her. By one of those kind freaks of favoritism which Nature takes, she has en-

dowed this young lady with almost every kind of perfection; has given her a charming face, a perfect form, a pure heart, a fine perception and wit, a pretty sense of humor, a laugh and a voice that are as sweet as music to hear, for innocence and tenderness ring in every accent, and a grace of movement which is a curiosity to watch, for in every attitude of motion or repose her form moves or settles into beauty, so that a perpetual grace accompanies her. I have before said that I am an old fogey. On the day when I leave off admiring I hope I shall die. To see Erminia is not to fall in love with her; there are some women too handsome, as it were, for that; and I would as soon think of making myself miserable because I could not marry the moon, and make the silver-bowed Goddess Diana Mrs. Pacifico, as I should think of having any personal aspirations towards Miss Erminia.

Well, then, it happened the other day that this almost peerless creature, on a visit to the country, met that great poet, Timotheus, whose habitation is not far from the country house of Erminia's friend, and who, upon seeing the young lady, felt for her that admiration which every man of taste experiences upon beholding her, and which, if Mrs. Timotheus had not been an exceedingly sensible person, would have caused a great jealousy between her and the great bard her husband. But, charming and beautiful herself, Mrs. Timotheus can even pardon another woman for being so; nay, with perfect good sense, though possibly with a little factitious enthusiasm, she professes to share to its fullest extent the admiration of the illustrious Timotheus for the young beauty.

After having made himself well acquainted with Erminia's perfections, the famous votary of Apollo and leader of the tuneful choir did what might be expected from such a poet under such circumstances, and began to sing. This is the way in which Nature has provided that poets should express their emotions. When they see a beautiful creature they straightway fall to work with their ten syllables and eight syllables, with duty rhyming to beauty, vernal to eternal, riddle to fiddle, or what you please, and turn out to the best of their ability, and with great pains and neatness on their own part, a copy of verses in praise of the adorable object. I myself may have a doubt about the genuineness of the article produced, or of the passion which vents itself in this way, for how can a man who has to assort carefully his tens and eights, to make his epithets neat and melodious, to hunt here and there for rhymes, and to bite the tip of his pen, or pace the gravel walk in front of his house searching for ideas—I doubt, I say, how a man who must go through the above process before turning out a decent set of verses, can be actuated by such strong feelings as you and I, when, in the days of our youth, with no particular preparation, but with our hearts full of manly ardor, and tender, respectful admiration, we went to the Sackcharissa for the time being, and poured out our souls at her feet. That sort of eloquence comes spontaneously; that poetry does not require rhyme-jingling and metre-sorting, but rolls out of you you don't know how, as

much, perhaps, to your own surprise as to that of the beloved object whom you address. In my time, I know whenever I began to make verses about a woman, it was when my heart was no longer very violently smitten about her, and the verses were a sort of mental dram and artificial stimulus with which a man worked himself up to represent enthusiasm and perform passion. Well, well; I see what you mean; I *am* jealous of him. Timotheus' verses were beautiful, that's the fact—confound him!—and I wish I could write as well, or half as well, indeed, or do anything to give Erminia pleasure. Like an honest man and faithful servant, he went and made the best thing he could, and laid this offering at Beauty's feet. What can a gentleman do more? My dear Mrs. Pacifico here remarks that I never made *her* a copy of verses. Of course not, my love. I am not a verse-making man, nor are you that sort of object—that sort of target, I may say—at which, were I poet, I would choose to discharge those winged shafts of Apollo.

When Erminia got the verses and read them, she laid them down, and with one of the prettiest and most affecting emotions which I ever saw in my life, she began to cry a little. The verses of course were full of praises of her beauty. "They all tell me that," she said; "nobody cares for anything but that," cried the gentle and sensitive creature, feeling within that she had a thousand accomplishments, attractions, charms, which her hundred thousand lovers would not see, whilst they were admiring her mere outward figure and head-piece.

I once heard of another lady, "*de par le monde*," as honest Des Bourdelles says, who, after looking at her plain face in the glass, said, beautifully and pathetically, "I am sure I should have made a good wife to any man, if he could but have got over my face!" and bewailing her maidenhood in this touching and artless manner, saying that she had a heart full of love, if anybody would accept it, full of faith and devotion, could she but find some man on whom to bestow it; she but echoed the sentiment which I have mentioned above, and which caused in the pride of her beauty the melancholy of the lonely and victorious beauty. "We are full of love and kindness, ye men!" each says; "of truth and purity. We don't care about *your* good looks. Could we but find the right man, the man who loved us for ourselves, we would endow him with all the treasures of our hearts, and devote our lives to make him happy. I admire and reverence Erminia's tears, and the simple, heart-stricken plaint of the other forsaken lady. She is Jephthah's daughter, condemned by no fault of her own, but doomed by fate to disappear from among women. The other is a queen in her splendor, to whom all the lords and princes bow down and pay worship. "Ah!" says she, "it is to the queen you are kneeling, all of you. I am a woman under this crown and this ermine. I want to be loved, and not to be worshipped; and to be allowed to love is given to everybody but me."

How much finer a woman's nature is than a man's (by an ordinance of nature for the purpose no doubt devised), how much purer and

less sensual than ours, is in that fact so consoling to misshapen men, to ugly men, to little men, to giants, to old men, to poor men, to men scarred with the small-pox, or ever so ungainly or unfortunate—that their ill-looks or mishaps don't influence women regarding them, and that the awkwardest fellow has a chance for a prize. Whereas, when we, brutes that we are, enter a room, we sidle up naturally towards the prettiest woman; it is the pretty face and figure which attracts us; it is not virtue, or merit, or mental charms, be they ever so great. When one reads the fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast, no one is at all surprised at Beauty's being moved by Beast's gallantry, and devotion, and true-heartedness, and rewarding him with her own love at last. There was hardly any need to make him a lovely young prince in a gold dress under his horns and bearskin. Beast as he was, but good Beast, loyal Beast, brave, affectionate, upright, generous, enduring Beast, she would have loved his ugly mug without any attraction at all. It is her nature to do so, God bless her. It was a man made the story, one of those two-penny-halfpenny men-milliner moralists, who think that to have a handsome person and a title are the greatest gifts of fortune, and that a man is not complete unless he is a lord and has glazed boots. Or it may have been that the transformation alluded to did not actually take place, but was only spiritual, and in Beauty's mind, and that, seeing before her loyalty, bravery, truth, and devotion, they became in her eyes lovely, and that she hugged her Beast with a perfect contentment to the end.

When ugly Wilkes said that he was only a quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in England, meaning that the charms of his conversation would make him in that time at a lady's side as agreeable and fascinating as a beau, what a compliment he paid the whole sex! How true it is (not of course applicable to *you*, my dear reader and lucky dog, who possess both wit and the most eminent personal attractions, but of the world in general), we look for beauty: women for love.

So, fair Erminia, dry your beautiful eyes and submit to your lot, and to that adulation which all men pay you; in the midst of which court of yours the sovereign must perforce be lonely. That solitude is a condition of your life, my dear young lady, which many would like to accept, nor will your dominion last much longer than my Lord Farncombe's, let us say, at the Mansion house, whom time and the inevitable November will depose. Another potentate will ascend his throne; the toast-master will proclaim another name than his, and the cup will be pledged to another health. As with Xerxes and all his courtiers and army at the end of a few years, as with the flowers of the field, as with Lord Farncombe, so with Erminia; were I Timotheus of the tuneful quire, I might follow out this simile between lord mayors and beauties, and with smooth rhymes and quaint antitheses make a verse offering to my fair young lady. But, madame, your faithful Pacifico is not a poet, only a proser; and it is in truth, and not in numbers that he admires you.

Why should not Mr. Thackeray give us another *Erminia* in his next novel, and confute his detractors? Addison never wrote anything finer in substance or in manner than this sketch. Indeed, a selection of Mr. Thackeray's best essays would, in our opinion, eclipse the united splendor of the whole British Essayists, both for absolute value in thought, and for purity and force of style. Had he never written anything of this kind but "The Book of Snobs," he would have taken first honors. What a book is this, so teeming with humor, character, and wisdom! How, like *Jaques*, does he "pierce through the body of the country, city, court!" Not, however, like him "invectively," but with a genial railillery which soothes while it strikes. The kindly playfulness of *Horace* is his model. It is only in dealing with utter worthlessness, as in his portrait of Lieutenant-General the Honorable Sir George Granby Tufto, K.C.B., K.T.S., K.H., K.S.W., &c. &c., that he wields the merciless lash of *Juvenal*. How every word tells!

His manners are impeccable generally; in society he is a perfect gentleman, and a most thorough snob. A man can't help being a fool, be he ever so old; and Sir George is a greater ass at sixty-eight than he was when he first entered the army at fifteen. He distinguished himself everywhere; his name is mentioned with praise in a score of *Gazettes*; he is the man, in fact, whose padded breast, twinkling over with innumerable decorations, has already been introduced to the reader. It is difficult to say what virtues this prosperous gentleman possesses: he never read a book in his life; and with his purple old gouty fingers still writes a schoolboy hand. He has reached old age and gray hairs without being the least venerable. He dresses like an outrageously young man to the present moment, and laces and pads his old carcass as if he were still handsome George Tufto, of 1800. He is selfish, brutal, passionate, and a glutton. It is curious to mark him at table, and see him heaving in his waistband, his little bloodshot eyes gloating over his meal. He swears considerably in his talk, and tells fifty garrison stories after dinner. On account of his rank and services, people pay the bestarred and betitled old brute a sort of reverence; and he looks down upon you and me, and exhibits his contempt for us with a stupid and artless candor which is quite amusing to watch. Perhaps, had he been bred to another profession, he would not have been the disreputable old creature he now is. But what other? He was fit for none; too incorrigibly idle and dull for any trade but this, in which he has distinguished himself publicly as a good and gallant officer, and privately, for riding races, drinking port, fighting duels, and seducing women. He believes himself to be one of the most honorable and deserving beings in this world. About Waterloo-place, of afternoons, you may see him tottering in his varnished boots, and leering under the bonnets of the women who pass

by. When he dies of apoplexy, the *Times* will have a quarter of a column about his services and battles—four lines of print will be wanted to describe his titles and orders alone—and the earth will cover one of the wickedest and dullest old wretches that ever strutted over it.

If this book were read in every household, especially in every household where the British Peerage is studied, what a world of weariness and vexation of spirit, of hypocrisy and meanness, of triviality and foolish extravagance, would be saved! We would prescribe it as a manual for the British youth of both sexes; containing more suggestions for useful thought, more considerations for practical exercise, in reference to the common duties of life, than any lay volume we know. Never was satire more wholesomely applied, more genially administered. We have read it again, and again with increasing admiration of the sagacity, the knowledge of the human heart, the humor, and the graphic brilliancy which it displays. Every page furnishes illustrations of some or all of these qualities. Take as an example of its lighter merits this exquisite sketch of suffering humanity at that most inane of all fashionable inanities—a London conversation:—

Good Heavens! what do people mean by going there? What is done there, that everybody throngs into those three little rooms? Was the Black Hole considered to be an agreeable *réunion*, that Britons in the dog-days here seek to imitate it? After being rammed to a jelly in a doorway (where you feel your feet going through Lady Barbara Macbeth's lace flounces, and get a look from that haggard and painted old harpy, compared to which the gaze of Ugolino is quite cheerful); after withdrawing your elbow out of poor gasping Bob Guttleton's white waistcoat, from which cushion it was impossible to remove it, though you knew you were squeezing poor Bob into an apoplexy—you find yourself at last in the reception-room, and try to catch the eye of Mrs. Botibol, the *conversazione-giver*. When you catch her eye, you are expected to grin, and she smiles too, for the four-hundredth time that night; and, if she's very glad to see you, waggles her little hand before her face as if to blow you a kiss, as the phrase is.

Why the deuce should Mrs. Botibol blow me a kiss? I would n't kiss her for the world. Why do I grin when I see her, as if I was delighted? Am I? I don't care a straw for Mrs. Botibol. I know what she thinks about me. I know what she said about my last volume of poems (I had it from a dear mutual friend). Why, I say in a word, are we going on ogling and telegraphing each other in this insane way? Because we are both performing the ceremonies demanded by the Great Snob Society: whose dictates we all of us obey.

Well; the recognition is over—my jaws have returned to their usual English expression of subdued agony and intense gloom, and the Boti-

bol is grinning and kissing her fingers to somebody else, who is squeezing through the aperture by which we have just entered. It is Lady Ann Clutterbuck, who has her Friday evenings, as Botibol (Botty we call her) has her Wednesdays. That is Miss Clementina Clutterbuck, the cadaverous young woman in green, with florid auburn hair, who has published her volume of poems ("The Death-Shriek;" "Damien;" "The Fagot of Joan of Arc;" and "Translations from the German" — of course) — the *conversazione* women salute each other, calling each other, "My dear Lady Ann," and "My dear good Eliza," and hating each other as women hate who give parties on Wednesdays and Fridays. With inexpressible pain, dear good Eliza sees Ann go up and coax and wheedle Abou Gosh, who has just arrived from Syria, and beg him to patronize her Fridays.

All this while, amidst the crowd and the scuffle, and a perpetual buzz and chatter, and the flare of the wax candles, and an intolerable smell of musk — what the poor Snobs who write fashionable romances call "the gleam of gems, the odor of perfumes, the blaze of countless lamps" — a scrubby-looking, yellow-faced foreigner, with cleaned gloves, is warbling inaudibly in a corner, to the accompaniment of another. "The Great Cacafogo," Mrs. Botibol whispers, as she passes you by — "A great creature, Thumpenstrumpff, is at the instrument — the Hetman Platoff's pianist, you know."

To hear this Cacafogo and Thumpenstrumpff, a hundred people are gathered together — a bevy of dowagers, stout or scraggy; a faint sprinkling of misses; six moody-looking lords, perfectly meek and solemn; wonderful foreign counts, with bushy whiskers and yellow faces, and a great deal of dubious jewellery; young dandies with slim waists and open necks, and self-satisfied simpers, and flowers in their buttons; the old, stiff, stout, bald-headed *conversazione-roués*, whom you meet everywhere — who never miss a night of this delicious enjoyment; the three last-caught lions of the season — Higgs, the traveller; Biggs, the novelist; and Toffey, who has come out so on the sugar question; Captain Flash, who is invited on account of his pretty wife, and Lord Ogleby, who goes wherever she goes — *que sais-je?* Who are the owners of all those showy scarfs and white neckcloths? — Ask little Tom Frig, who is there in all his glory, knows everybody, has a story about every one; and, as he trips home to his lodgings, in Jermyn-street, with his Gibus-hat and his little glazed pumpe, thinks he is the fashionablest young fellow in town, and that he really has passed a night of exquisite enjoyment.

You go up (with your usual easy elegance of manner) and talk to Miss Smith in the corner.

"Oh, Mr. Snob! I'm afraid you're sadly satirical."

That's all she says. If you say it's fine weather, she bursts out laughing; or hint that it's very hot, she vows you are the drollest wretch! Meanwhile Mrs. Botibol is simpering on fresh arrivals; the individual at the door is

roaring out their names; poor Cacafogo is quivering away in the music-room, under the impression that he will be *lancé* in the world by singing inaudibly here. And what a blessing it is to squeeze out of the door, and into the street, where a half-hundred of carriages are in waiting; and where the link-boy, with that unnecessary lanthorn of his, pounces upon all who issue out, and will insist upon getting your noble honor's lordship's cab.

And to think that there are people who, after having been to Botibol on Wednesday, will go to Clutterbuck on Friday!

What wonder Mr. Thackeray should be so often condemned, when the foibles and vices which he paints are just those which, more or less, infect the whole body of society! Some way or other, he hits the weakness or sore point of us all. Nothing escapes his eye; and with an instinct almost Shakspearian he probes the secrets of a character at one venture. Like all honest teachers, he inevitably inflicts pain; and hence the soreness of wounded vanity is often at the root of the unfavorable criticism of which he is the subject. It requires both generosity and candor to accept such severe lessons thankfully, and to love the master who schools us with his bitter, if salutary wisdom. But Mr. Thackeray has wisely trusted to the ultimate justice of public opinion; and he now stands better in it for never having stooped to flatter its prejudices, nor modified the rigorous conclusions of his observant spirit for the sake of a speedier popularity. Despite the carping of critics, his teaching has found its way to men's hearts and minds, and helped to make them more simple, more humble, more sincere, and altogether more genuine than they would have been but for "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," and "The Book of Snobs."

The strength of Mr. Thackeray's genius seemed to lie so peculiarly in describing contemporary life and manners, that we looked with some anxiety for the appearance of his "Esmond," which was to revive for us the period of Queen Anne. We did not expect in it any great improvement upon his former works, in point of art, for we confess we have never felt the deficiencies in this respect, which are commonly urged against them. Minor incongruities and anachronisms are unquestionably to be found; but the characters are never inconsistent, and the events follow in easy succession to a natural close. The canvas is unusually crowded, still there is no confusion in the grouping, nor want of proportion in the figures. As they are in substance unlike the novels of any other writer, so do they seem, in point of construction, to be entirely in harmony with their purpose. We therefore feared that in a novel removed both in subject and in style from our own times, we should miss something of the

living reality of Mr. Thackeray's former works, and of their delightful frankness of expression, without gaining anything more artistic in form. The result has, we think, confirmed these fears.

"Esmond" is admirable as a literary feat. In point of style, it is equal to anything in English literature; and it will be read for this quality when the interest of its story is disregarded. The imitation of the manner of the writers of the period is as nearly as possible perfect, except that while no less racy, the language is perhaps more grammatically correct. Never did any man write with more ease under self-imposed fetters than Mr. Thackeray has done; but while we admire his skill, the question constantly recurs, why impose them upon himself at all? He has not the power — who has? — of reviving the tone as well as the manner of the time; and, disguise his characters as he will, in wigs, ruffles, hair-powder, and sacs, we cannot help feeling it is but a disguise, and that the forms of passion and of thought are essentially modern — the judgment those of the historian, not the contemporary.

It is, moreover, a great mistake for a novelist to introduce into his story, as Mr. Thackeray has done, personages of either literary or political eminence, for he thereby needlessly hampers his own imagination, and places his readers in an attitude of criticism unfavorable to the success of his story. Every educated reader has formed, for example, certain ideas, more or less vivid, according to the extent of his reading or the vigor of his imagination, of Marlborough, Swift, Bolingbroke, Addison, or Steele; and what chance has the novelist of hitting in any one feature the ideal which his reader has so worked out for himself? The novelist cannot, moreover, keep within the limits of the biographer, but must heighten or tone down features of character for the purposes of his story. This he cannot do without violating that rigorous truth which ought uniformly to be preserved wherever the character or conduct of eminent men is concerned. It would be easy to convict Mr. Thackeray not only of serious offences against this wholesome law, but also of anachronisms far more serious than any in his former works, and of inaccuracies in regard to well-known facts, which are fatal to the verisimilitude of the book as an autobiography. One of these latter is so gross as to be altogether inexcusable — the betrothal of the Duke of Hamilton, just before his duel with Lord Mohun, to Beatrix Castlewood, whereas it is notorious that the Duchess of Hamilton was alive at the time. We can scarcely suppose Mr. Thackeray ignorant of a circumstance which is elaborately recorded in Swift's Journal, but in any case his perversion of the facts transcends all lawful

license in matters of the kind. A still graver transgression has been committed in his portrait of Marlborough, which is so masterly as a piece of writing that its deviation from historical truth is the more to be deprecated. When he has branded him for posterity in words that imbed themselves in the memory, it is idle to attempt to neutralize the impression by making Esmond admit that, but for certain personal slights from the hero of Blenheim, he might have formed a very different estimate of his character. This admission is a trait true to life, but it is one which is not allowable in a novelist where the reputation of a historical personage is at stake. History is full enough of perversions without our romancers being allowed to add to them. Such defects as we have adverted to are probably inseparable from any attempt to place a fictitious character among historical incidents; but if this be the case, it only proves that the attempt should never be made.

These defects are the more to be regretted in a work distinguished by so much fine thought and subtle delineation of character. It has been alleged against it that Mr. Thackeray repeats himself — that "Esmond" has his prototype in Dobbin, Lord Castlewood in Rawdon Crawley, and Beatrix Castlewood in Blanche Amory. We cannot think so. It is surely but a superficial eye which is unable to see how widely removed a little hypocritical, affected coquette like Blanche Amory is from the woman of high breeding and fiery impulse — "the weed of glorious feature" — who is presented for our admiration and surprise in Beatrix Castlewood. It were easy to point out in detail the differences between the prominent characters in this and Mr. Thackeray's other books, but such criticism is of little avail to those who cannot perceive such differences for themselves. The only feature which it owns in common with "Vanity Fair" is the insane attachment of Esmond to Beatrix. This pertinacity of devotion bears some analogy to Dobbin's for Amelia. But there was nothing humiliating in Dobbin's love: in Esmond's there is much. He is content to go on besieging with his addresses a woman, who not only rejects them, but has passed from the hands of one accepted suitor to another, till the whole bloom is worn off her nature. It is taxing our credulity too far to ask us to reconcile this with the other characteristics of Esmond. We never lose our respect for Dobbin: Esmond has wearied it out long before he shakes off his fetters, and weds the lady's mother, who has been wasting her heart upon him for years. Lady Castlewood is a portrait so exquisitely made out in all the details, so thoroughly loveable, and adorned by so many gracious characteristics, that we cannot but regret Mr. Thackeray should have

placed her in a situation so repugnant to common feeling, as that of being the enamored consoler of her own daughter's lover. Could we but forget this blemish, how much is there to admire in the delicacy with which the progress of her love for Esmond is traced—the long martyrdom of feeling which she suffers so gently and unobtrusively—the yearning fondness which hovered about him like a holy influence! Mr. Thackeray's worship for the sex is loyal, devout, and pure; and when he paints their love, a feeling of reverence and holiness infinitely sweet and noble pervades his pictures. Many instances may be cited from this book; but as an illustration we would merely point to the chapter where Esmond returns to England, after his first campaign, and meets Lady Castlewood at the cathedral.

They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, and with the gray twilight closing round them.

"And now we are drawing near to home," she continued. "I knew you would come, Harry, if—if it was only to forgive me for having spoken unjustly to you after that horrid, horrid misfortune."

"You had spared me many a bitter night had you told me sooner," Mr. Esmond said.

"I know it, I know it," she answered, in a tone of such sweet humility as made Esmond repent that he should ever have dared to reproach her. "I know how wicked my heart has been; and I have suffered, too, my dear. I confessed to Mr. Atterbury—I must not tell any more. He—I said I would not write to you or go to you; and it was better, even, that having parted, we should part. But I knew you would come back—I own that. That is no one's fault. And to-day, Henry, in the anthem, when they sang it, 'When the Lord turned the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream,' I thought, yes, like them that dream—them that dream. And then it went, 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; and he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come home again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' I looked up from the book, and saw you. I knew you would come, my dear; I saw the gold sunshine round your head."

She smiled an almost wild smile, as she looked up at him. The moon was up by this time, glittering keen in the frosty sky. He could see for the first time now, clearly, her sweet careworn face.

"Do you know what day it is?" she continued. "It is the 29th of December—it is your birthday? But last year we did not drink it—no, no. My lord was cold, and my Harry was likely to die, and my brain was in a fever, and we had no wine. But now—now you are come again, bringing your sheaves with you, my dear." She burst into a wild flood of weeping as she spoke; she laughed and sobbed on the young man's heart, crying out wildly,

"Bring your sheaves with you—your sheaves with you!"

As he had sometimes felt, gazing up from the deck at midnight into the boundless starlit depth overhead, in a rapture of devout wonder at that endless brightness and beauty—in some such a way now, the depth of this pure devotion (which was, for the first time, revealed to him quite) smote upon him, and filled his heart with thanksgiving. Gracious God! who was he, weak and friendless creature, that such a love should be poured out upon him? Not in vain, not in vain, has he lived—hard and thankless should he be to think so—that has such a treasure given him. What is ambition, compared to that, but selfish vanity? To be rich, to be famous? What do these profit a year hence, when other names sound louder than yours, when you lie hidden away under ground, along with the idle titles engraven on your coffin? But only true love lives after you—follows your memory with secret blessings—or precedes you and intercedes for you. *Non omnis moriar*—if dying, I yet live in a tender heart or two; nor am lost and hopeless living, if a sainted departed soul still loves and prays for me.

How cruel must be the necessities of novel-writing, which drove Mr. Thackeray to spoil our interest in the actors in this exquisite scene by placing them afterwards in circumstances so incongruous! Mr. Thackeray is, we believe, no favorite with women generally. Yet he ought to be so; for, despite his sarcasms on their foibles, no writer has enforced their virtues more earnestly, or represented with equal energy the wrongs they suffer daily and hourly in their hearts and homes from the selfishness and sensualism of men. There are passages in this book for which they may well say of him, as that woman said of Dickens for his "Christmas Carol," "God bless him!" They do not forgive him, however, for the unnatural relation in which he has placed his hero and Lady Castlewood, and he is too wise an observer not to regard this as conclusive against his own judgment in the matter.

Mr. Thackeray will write better books than this, for his powers are ripening with every fresh emanation from his pen; his wisdom is more searching, his pathos sweeter, his humor of a more delicate flavor. He fills a large space now in the world's eye, and his reputation has become a matter of pride to his country. He is not a man to be insensible to the high regard in which he is so widely held, or to trifle with a fame which has been slowly but surely won. Kind wishes followed him to America from many an unknown friend, and kinder greetings await the return of the only satirist who mingles loving-kindness with his sarcasm, and charity and humility with his gravest rebuke.

SELLING CHICKENS TO THE LEGISLATURE.

WHILE the legislature of Missouri was in session, a few years ago, a green fellow from the country came to Jefferson to sell some chickens. He had about two dozen, all of which he had tied by the legs to a string, and this being divided equally, and thrown over his horse or his shoulder, formed his mode of conveyance, leaving the fowls with their heads hanging down, with little else of them visible except their naked legs, and a promiscuous pile of outstretched wings and ruffled feathers. After several ineffectual efforts to dispose of his load, a wag to whom he made an offer of sale, told him that he did not want chickens himself, but perhaps he could sell them at a large stone-house over there (the Capitol); that there was a man over there buying for the St. Louis market, and no doubt he could find a ready sale.

The delighted countryman started, when his informer stopped him. "Look here," says he; "when you get over there, go up stairs, and then turn to the left. The man stops in the large room. You will find him sitting down at the other end of the room, and now engaged with a number of fellows buying chickens. If a man at the door should stop you, don't mind him. He has got chickens himself for sale, and tries to prevent others from selling theirs. Don't mind him, but go right ahead."

Following the directions, our friend soon found himself at the door of the Hall of Representatives. To open it and enter was the work of a moment. Taking from his shoulder the string of chickens, and giving them a shake to freshen them, he commenced his journey towards the speaker's chair, the fowls in the mean time expressing, from the half-formed *crow* to the harsh *quark*, their bodily presence, and their sense of bodily pain.

"I say, sir" — Here he had advanced about a half-dozen steps down the aisle, when he was seized by Ma-Sackson, the door-keeper, who happened to be returning from the clerk's desk.

"What are you doing here with those chickens? Get out, sir, get out!" whispered the door-keeper.

"No you don't, though; you don't come that game over me. You've got chickens yourself for sale; get out yourself, and let me sell mine. I say, sir (in a louder tone to the speaker), are you buying chickens here to-day? I've got some prime ones here." And he held up his string, and shook his fowls, until their music made the walls echo. "Let me go, sir (to the door-keeper); let me go, I say. Fine large chickens (to the speaker); only six bits a dozen."

"Where's the serjeant-at-arms?" roared the speaker. "Take that man out."

"Now don't, will you? I ain't hard to trade with. You let me go (to the door-keeper); you've sold your chickens, now let me have a chance. I say, sir (to the speaker in a loud voice), are you buying chickens to?" —

"Go ahead!" "At him again!" "That's right!" whispered some of the Opposition members, who could command gravity enough to speak.

"I say, sir (in a louder tone to the speaker) — cuss your pictures, let me go — fair play — two to one ain't fair (to the speaker and serjeant-at-arms); let me go. I say, sir, you up there (to the speaker), you can have 'em for six bits! won't take a cent less. Take 'em home and eat 'em myself before I'll take — Drat your hides! don't shove so hard, will you? you'll hurt 'em chickens, and they have had a travel of it to-day, anyhow. I say, you sir, up there" —

Here the voice was lost by the closing of the door. An adjournment was moved and carried; and the members, almost frantic with mirth, rushed out to find our friend in high altercation with the door-keeper about the meanness of selling his own chickens, and letting nobody else sell theirs; adding that, "if he could just see that man up there by himself, he'd be bound they could make a trade, and that no man could afford to raise chickens for less than six bits."

The members bought his fowls by a pony purse, and our friend left the Capitol, saying as he went down stairs: "Well, this is the roughest place for selling chickens that ever I came across, sure."

IMPROVED RETURNS FROM THE RAILWAYS. —

A statement of the weekly published traffic of eleven of the principal railways, for the twenty-six weeks ending 26th December, 1852, which has been drawn out for private circulation, by Mr. Reynolds, accountant of the Great Northern, strikes us a good deal as indicating the improved prospects both of railways and of the country. We should not indeed have adverted to such a document, if it did not serve as a convincing proof of the rapidly advancing prosperity of England at the present moment. It appears, from this paper, that the returns from all the eleven railways in the summer weeks of 1851, excepting a few, greatly exceeded those of the corresponding weeks of 1852 — a fact which is readily accounted for by the extraordinary amount of travelling created at the earlier period by the Exhibition. But when we come to the middle of October, a remarkable change takes place. The receipts of 1852, after that period, in every railway, greatly exceed those of the corresponding weeks of 1851. We find, on the London and North-western, an advance of 2000*l.*, 3000*l.*, 4000*l.*, and even 5000*l.*, on some weeks. On other lines, the advances are in proportion, and the general consequence is, that on the Midland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, Eastern Counties, York and North Midland, York, Newcastle and Berwick, and the Great Northern — six of the eleven — there is an increase of the totals of the half-year '52, a result which no one could have anticipated as to happen in the year immediately following on the Exhibition. — *Chambers.*

From Chambers' Journal.

REVIVAL OF OIL-ANOINTING.

PROFESSOR SIMPSON of Edinburgh has been the means of bringing to light a curious corroboration of the sanitary value of the ancient practice of anointing with oil. It appears that the learned professor, when recently visiting the manufacturing town of Galashiels, was casually informed that the workers in the wool-mill in that place were exempt from the attacks of consumption and scrofula. On inquiring of the medical men in the vicinity, the truth of the statement was confirmed; and it was then deemed expedient to pursue investigation on a broader scale. Communications were accordingly sent to physicians residing in Dunfermline, Alloa, Tillicoultry, Inverness, and other districts where wool-mills are in operation; and in the case of all, it was ascertained that similar immunity was enjoyed from the fatal diseases mentioned. It further appeared that, in some of the localities, scarletina had to be added to the list; and, also, that employment in the mills not only preserved health, but children of delicate constitutions were sent to be wool-workers for the express purpose of acquiring strength, a result in almost every instance attained.

The question now came to be, to ascertain the precise cause of this singular result of mill-work. Cotton-mills did not produce a similar effect, and workmen in certain departments of wool-mills were found to be subject to the ordinary maladies of the country; it therefore soon became evident, that the cause was referable to the great quantity of oil consumed in the preparation of the raw material in wool-working. A coat or any other portion of dress, when hung up in one of the rooms, was found to be saturated with oil in a few days; and the operatives must, therefore, be held to draw into their system a large amount of oleaginous matter, either by inhalation or by absorption from the clothes through the skin, the latter being probably the principal mode in which the substance is imbibed. The hands and face of the workers are constantly besmeared, but under their clothing there are scarcely any marks of discoloration, although it is obvious that the oil must be received through all the pores of the body, and, indeed, the greatest quantity will penetrate where there is the least facility for external evaporation.

The application of this discovery to practical medicine is calculated to be of important service, in so far as some of our most serious maladies are concerned. Consumption, as now understood, is supposed to arise from defective nutrition—there being in consumptive and scrofulous subjects a deficiency of fatty as compared with albuminous matter; and to restore the equilibrium of the two

elements, cod-oil, as is well known, has been in extensive use for the last ten or twelve years, and with singular effect. In many instances, however, oil when swallowed is found to excite nausea; and in such cases, the introduction of this saving agent by external application is likely to be productive of beneficial consequences. Means are to be taken to get rid of the disagreeable odor of the cod-oil, and when freed from this objection, there can be few or no drawbacks to the ancient custom of anointing. That it adds rapidly to the weight of the emaciated, has already been proved by actual experiment; and one instance may be mentioned of an individual who gained a stone in weight in the short period of four weeks. The use of oil in this way is not disagreeable, but on the contrary is found to be productive of pleasant sensations. It has only to be added, so far as the medical action is involved, that the mode in which the oil strengthens delicate patients, is by its being received into the blood, the chemical character of which undergoes a vital change by the process.

If anointing should come into fashion, it will be merely a return to the customs of the olden time. "The Jews," says Dr. Cox in his *Biblical Antiquities* (p. 155), "addicted themselves to anointing, which consisted either of simple oil or such as had aromatic spices infused. They applied ointments chiefly to those parts of the body which were most exposed to the atmosphere, by which means they were considerably secured against its changes and inclemencies." The allusions to anointing with oil, not only the head and beard, but the feet and other portions of the person, are well-known features in Bible narrative.

Homer makes frequent mention of oil in connection with the bath; and when Ulysses enters the palace of Circe, we are told that after the use of the bath, he was anointed with costly perfumes. Passing down to later times, it is a very significant fact, that consumption is rarely if ever alluded to by medical writers among the Greeks and Romans; and it is all but certain, that the rarity of the distemper was attributable to the constant external use of oil. In the matters of bathing and anointing, they imitated the example of the Greeks; and attached to each Roman bathing-establishment was an *unctuarium*, "where," says Dr. Adam, the "visitors were anointed all over with a coarse cheap oil before they began their exercise. Here the finer odoriferous ointments which were used in coming out of the bath were also kept; and the room was so situated as to receive a considerable degree of heat. This chamber of perfumes was quite full of pots, like an apothecary's shop; and those who wished to anoint and perfume the body, received perfumes and unguents." In

larger bathing-establishments, the *elæothesium* was filled with an immense number of vases; and the extent to which oiling and perfuming were practised by the Romans, may be judged by the following reference to the ingredients employed:—"The vases contained perfumes and balsams—very different in their compositions, according to the different tastes of the persons who anointed themselves. The rhodinum, one of those liquid perfumes, was composed of roses; the lirinum, of lily; cyprium, of the flower of a tree called cypria, which is believed to be the same as the privet; baccarinum, from the foxglove; myrrhinum was composed of myrrh. Oils were extracted from sweet marjoram, lavender, and the wild vine—from the iris, ben, and wild thyme. The last three were employed for rubbing the eyebrows, hair, neck and head; the arms were rubbed with the oil of sisymbrium, or water-mint; and the muscles with the oil of anarcum, and others which have been mentioned." After anointing, the bathers passed into the *spheristerium*—a very light and extensive apartment, in which were performed the many kinds of exercises to which this third part of the baths was appropriated; of these, the most favorite was the ball. After exercise, recourse was a second time had to the warm-bath—the body was then scraped with instruments called strigils, most usually of bronze, but sometimes of iron; perfumed oil of the most delicate kind was then administered anew; and the process of lustration was complete.

Let it be remarked, that a considerable amount of friction was used by the ancients when the oil was rubbed in; and also that exercise of an exciting and laborious kind followed the unctuous manipulation. In like manner, the wool-workers are in motion throughout the whole day; and from the return they receive for their daily labor, it is not probable that they have it in their power to indulge in those dietetic luxuries or excesses which create dyspepsy in other circles. The inference is, that exercise must go hand in hand with the oil, and that other physiological conditions must be strictly preserved, before anointing can certainly be depended on for conferring its full tale of benefit on humanity. There may, indeed, be frequent instances of persons benefiting by external application when all other aids fail in making the least impression; but in ordinary cases, the safe course for all who can command sufficient air and exercise, is to regard anointing as an adjuvant, not as a specific—an element of cure, but not as constituting the entire cure.

There is a certain class of people to whom this practice may be peculiarly serviceable—those who are disagreeably or injuriously affected by easterly winds, especially the

gouty or rheumatic. The east is known to be a dry wind, and never, except in very stormy weather, is it accompanied by rain. After a continuance of this wind, the leaves of plants become dry and shrivelled, evidently suffering from want of moisture. Now, without presuming to propound any medical theory, we may suggest, that it is just possible the east wind may in some measure produce its disagreeable influence on the human system by parching and drying up the skin; and in this view, anointing, by acting as a lubricant, may go far to counteract the baneful influence. At any rate, it is easy to try the question, if it is supposed to be worth trying, by experiment.

As to the kind of oil—that of the cod appears to be the strongest; and if it could be divested of its infamous odor, it probably would be the best. But some authorities are of opinion, that any kind of emollient is suitable: in this view a wide range of selection, founded even on the basis of Roman ingredients, is open for use; and when to these are added the discoveries of modern chemistry, it is evident that the most fastidious may have their tastes gratified. Friction of itself has always been regarded as of great therapeutic value; and the harder the rubbing with oil, the more beneficial will be the result. If the body has need of oleaginous aliment, it will absorb it as greedily as the parched earth drinks in rain after a season of drought. In the experiments we have ourselves instituted, the body, when rubbed at night, shows no traces of lubrication in the morning, and the sleeping-dress is little if at all affected. Careful housewives may be alarmed for their napery, but, with ordinary attention, there is little danger; and even supposing there were some trifling inconveniences, the benefit expected may surely be esteemed a fair equivalent.

NEW ANTIQUITIES. — We have, on various occasions, warned our antiquarian readers against spurious fabrications of articles of curiosity and *vertu*, especially of certain mediæval seals in *jet*, a substance easily engraved or fashioned into any shape. The unprincipled fabricators of these objects, encouraged, no doubt, by their success among the unwary, continue to follow their criminal occupation, and have lately attempted a higher flight. We have lately been shown a jet seal, bearing the head of the Emperor Severus, with his name and titles! We believe the *atelier* of the rogues whose ingenuity is exercised upon these counterfeits, is somewhere in Yorkshire. While on this subject, we may mention that we have been informed, that at many of the curiosity-shops in London, forged monastic and other mediæval brass seals are kept on sale; and some of them being casts of real specimens, are well calculated to dupe the inexperienced. — *Literary Gazette*.

JOHN RINTOUL; OR, THE FRAGMENT OF THE WRECK.

PART II. — CHAPTER VIII.

THE June sun is shining into Mrs. Rintoul's family room. Though he is no longer captain of his own sloop, her husband is to be mate of a considerable schooner; so Euphie, after a long interval of fretting and repining, has made herself tolerably content. A great sea-chest stands in the middle of the room, and Euphie, long ago startled out of all her little graces of invalidism, stoops over it, packing in its manifold comforts. The loss of the sloop has deprived them of all their property, but it has added scarcely any privation to their daily life, even though John has been so long ashore; and now that he is once more in full employment, Euphie does not veil her pretensions to those of any skipper's wife in Elie. As for the grief attendant on their loss, it touched her only by sympathy, and her few natural tears were neither bitter in their shedding nor hard to wipe away. Her baby thrives, her husband has been at home with her for a far longer time than she could have hoped, and Euphie as wilful a little wife as ever, goes about her house with undiminished cheerfulness, and is conscious of no shadow upon her sunny life.

And as she lays in these separate articles of John's comfortable wardrobe — each in its proper place — Euphie's gay voice now and then makes a plunge into the abyss of the great chest, and anon comes forth again, as clear and as fresh as a bird's. You can almost fancy there will be a lingering fragrance about these glistening home-made linens, when the sailor takes them out upon the seas — and that even the rough blue sea-jacket, and carefully-folded Sabbath coat, must carry some gladsome reminiscence of the pretty face and merry voice bending over them like embodied sunshine.

"Eh, lassie, it's a braw thing to hae a light heart," said Mrs. Raeburn, shaking her head as she came in, and sitting down heavily in Euphie's arm-chair with a prolonged sigh; "after a' you've gane through too, puir bairn!"

Euphie takes the compliment quite unhesitatingly — for it does not occur to the spoiled child and petted wife, that, after all, she has gone through nothing at all.

"Its nae guid letting down folk's heart," says Euphie, with some complacence. "For my part, I think its unthankful to be aye minding folk's trials: aye should feel them at the time, and be done with them — that's my way."

"I wish Nancy had just your sense," said the mother. "It ought to have been very little trial to her a' this, by what it might

have been to you; but just see how she's ta'en it to heart — I wish you would speak to her, Euphie. Here's a decent lad coming after her, and easy enough to see, after such a loss in the family, that it would be a grand thing to get her weel married, and her twenty years auld, and never had a lad, to speak of, before — and yet she'll nae mair look the side of the road he's on, than if he was a black man!"

"Is't Robert Horsburg mother?" asked Euphie, eagerly.

"It's a stranger lad that hasna been lang about the Elie; he's ta'en the new lease of the Girmel farm from Sir Robert, and they say he's furnishing a grand house, and a'thegither a far bigger man than Nancy has ony right to look for — a decent-like lad too, and steady and weel spoken; but as for giving him encouragement, I might as weel preach to Ailie Rintoul's speckled hen as to Nannie Raeburn."

"Deed, I see nae call she has to set him up with encouragement," said the beauty, slightly tossing her head. "If he's no as muckle in earnest as to thole a naysay, he's nae man at a'; and I wouldna advise Nancy to have onything to do with him. Do ye think I ever gaed out of my road, mother, to encourage John?"

"Ay, Euphie, my woman, it's a' your ain simplicity that thinks a'body as guid as yourself," said Mrs. Raeburn, shaking her head; "but you had naething to do but to choose, wi' a' the young lads frae Largo to Kinnacher courting at ye. And many a time I've wondered, in my ain mind, I'm sure, that ye took up wi' a douce man like John Rintoul at the last, when ye might have just waled out the bonniest lad in Fife; but Nannie's had nae joes to speak of, as I was saying, a' her days — and Nannie's weel enough in her looks, but she's far mair like your father's side of the house than mine; and a'thegither, considering how auld she is, and the misfortune that's happened to the family, it sets her very ill to be so nice, when she might get a house of her ain, and be weel settled hersel, and a credit to a' her kin."

"If I were Nannie, I would take nae offer under the fourth or fifth at the very soonest," said her sister. "The lads should learn better — and if they get the very first they ask, and the very aye they're wanting, what are they to think but that the lassies are just waiting on them? and its naething but that that makes such ill-willy men. Set them up! But they didna get muckle satisfaction out of me."

"Weel, Euphie," said Mrs. Raeburn, unconvinced, but with resignation, "I didna say I would take your faither the first time he askit me, mysel, and there was a lass in Anster that had had the refusing o' him before that; but there's no many men mair ill-willy or positive about their ain gate than what Samuel Raeburn is this day, though ane might hae thought he had the pride gey weel taken out of him in respect of women-folk; but you see I'm no easy in my mind about Nannie. Nae doubt she might be vexed in a neighborly way for the loss of the twa Rintouls and Andrew Dewar, forby what was natural for the sloop gaun doun, wi' a' our gear; but it's a different thing being vexed for ither folk and mourning for ane's ain trouble; and I'm sure the way she's been, night and day, ever since, is liker Kirstin Beaton's daughter than mine. I'm no just clear in my ain mind but what it's a' for Patie Rintoul."

Euphie had lifted herself out of the chest, and now turned round with some interest to her mother. "I wouldna say," said Mrs. Rintoul, after a considerable pause. "I did tell him ance he was courting our Nanny, and his face turned as red as scarlet; and she has been awfu' sma' and white and downcast ever sinysne; — I wouldna say — poor Nannie! I would gie her a' her ain gate, and no fash her, mother, if I was you, till she comes to hersel again; for Nannie's awfu' proud — far prouder than me — and would cut off her finger before she would own to caring about onybody that hadna said plain out that he cared for her."

And Mrs. Raeburn received her daughter's counsel with long sighs and shakings of the head, as she had begun the conversation.

"They say a bad bairn's a great handfu'," said the perplexed mother, disconsolately, "but I'm sure it canna be onything to the care and trouble of lassies; and twa mair set on their ain will — though I'm no meaning ony blame to you, Euphie — a puir woman never was trysted with. I'm sure, when I was Nannie's age, I was at my mother's bidding, hand and fit, the haill day through — though I was just gaun to be married mysel — but nae doubt you take it frae your faither!"

CHAPTER IX.

A weel-stockit mailin, himsel for the laird,
And marriage off-hand, was his proffer;

But Agnes Raeburn stands before him with a painful flush upon her face, and an uneasy movement in her frame: a host of many-colored thoughts are flitting through her bewildered mind, and her silence, though it is the silence of painful confusion and perplexity, encourages him to go on. It is a July night — soft twilight following close upon a gorgeous sundown — and, up in the pale, clear, languid sky the crescent moon floats softly,

dreamily, where there is not a cloud to map its course, or anything but the gentlest summer-breath to send it gliding on. In the west the rich clouds, all purple and golden, crowd together and build themselves up in glowing masses from the very edge of the water. You can fancy them the falling powers and nobilities of some one of the world's great climaxes, and that this little silver boat, slowly drawing near to them, contains the child born, the bringer-in of the new world. All unconscious is the infant hero, singing and dreaming as he comes; but the cowering, fallen glories, whose day is past, are aware, and here and there a calm spectator-star looks out and watches, holding aside the veil of this great evening which encloses all.

But the dreamer of the heavens is silent, and all this mortal air is full of the voices of the sea. It is not laughter now, nor is it music. If you would convey into sound the smile of innocent, surprised delight, which plays upon childish faces often, you could not give it expression better than by this ripple, breaking upon rocks, and beds of sand and pebbles, and dimpling all over with quiet mirth the pools upon the beach. Accustomed as your ear may be, it is impossible to resist an answering smile to the fresh, sweet murmur, so full of wonder and childlike joyousness, which runs along these creeks and inlets, ever new, yet ever the same. Another murmur, faint and distant, bewrays to you what these low church-steeple and gray mists of smoke would do without it, the vicinity of this little sisterhood of quiet seaports; but the hum of life in the Elie is so calm to-night, that you only feel your solitude upon the braes, when the low wild rose-bushes look up to you from the very borders of the grass, and dew-drops glisten among the leaves — the more absolute and unbroken. Sometimes a passing footstep and passing whistle, or voices pertaining to the same, pursue their measured way upon the high-road behind the hawthorn hedge; but no one passes here upon the braes, and these two are entirely alone.

A one-and-twenty years' lease of the Girnel farm, with all its fertile slopes and capabilities — a pretty balance in the Cupar bank to make the same available — a person vigorous and young — a face which the Fife belles have not disdained to turn back and throw a second glance upon, and a pleasant consciousness of all these desirable endowments — what should make Colin Hunter fear? And he does not fear. In this half light, looking lovingly into the full face of Agnes Raeburn, he begins to feel himself justified for making choice of her. Made choice of her he has, beyond all question, to his own considerable astonishment; for Colin knows very well that "there are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far;" but at present, as her eye-lash droops

upon the cheek—as her eye glances up in quick arrested looks under it—as the color comes and goes, like flitting sunshine, the lover is satisfied. There is a charm in the sweet air, which lifts the curls upon her cheek—a charm in the sweet sound which encircles them on every side, and in the languid dreamy sky, and the slow floating moon. Himself is charmed, his whole soul through, with all the fairy influences of new love. Other flirtations has Colin known, more than were good for the freshness of his heart; but his heart is fresh at its depths, and answers now, with a shy warmth and fascinated thrill, to the voice, unheard before, which calls its full affections forth.

But it is only a shiver, chill and painful, which shakes the slight figure of Agnes; and her hand, if she gave it him now, would fall marble-cold into his. Here eyes—those wandering furtive glances, which he thinks are only shy of meeting his earnest look—stray far beyond him into the vacant air, where they have almost conjured up a visible forbidding presence to say nay to his unwelcome suit; and her blushes are fever-gleams of unwilling submission, flushes of fear and restless discomfort, and of the generous tenderness which grieves to give another pain. For Agnes, remembering mournfully that she had vowed to reject her earliest wooer, now shrinks from the position which she once dreamed of exulting in, and cannot make a heartless triumph of the true affection which in her grief has come to afflict her, like an added misfortune. She is grateful for it in her heart—even a little proud of it in her most secret and compunctious consciousness—and would rather delay and temporize a little to soften her denial, than inflict the pain which unawares she exaggerates, and flatters herself by making greater than it would be. And her mother, too, plagues her sadly in behalf of this wooer; and she herself is aware that even pretty Euphie had few such proposals in her power as this, which would make herself mistress of the plentiful homestead at the Girmel; and Agnes, who only wants peace, and to be left alone to pursue the current of her own sad musings, will rather suffer anything to be implied by her silence, than rudely break it with the peremptory words which alone would suffice to dismiss a wooer so much conscious of his claims.

"Have you naething to say to me, Nancy Raeburn! Woman, ye shall keep as many maids as ye like, and have a silk gown for every month in the year; for what do I care for silk gowns, or satin either, compared to my bonnie Nanny!"

"I'm no bonnie; it's Euphie your're meaning," said Agnes with a sigh; "if you want me because I'm bonnie, you're mista'en, Mr. Hunter—it's my sister—it's no me."

"Ye may leave my ain een to judge that!" cried Colin, exultingly; "but if ye were as black as Bessie Monter, instead of just your ain wiselike sel, I'm for you, and nae other, whatever onybody likes to say."

"You're for me, are you? I dinna ken what the lads are turning to," said Agnes, roused into some of her old pride and pique; "as if we had naething to do but be thankful, and take whae'er offered; but I would have folk ken different of me."

"And so do I ken different," said the discouraged suitor; "but I'm no a fisher lad, or an Elie sailor, with naething but a blue jacket and a captain's favor, and years to wait for a house aboon my head. I've a weal-pleenished steading to bring ye hame to, Nancy, my darlin'; and ye'll no look up into my face, and tell me in earnest that there's ony other man standing between you and me."

He had scarcely spoken the words, when, with a low, affrighted cry, Agnes turned from him and fled. It was not that her actual eyes beheld the vision which her fancy was laboring to realize. It was not that Patie Rintoul herself, in the flesh or in the spirit, interposed his reproving face between her and her new wooer. She could not tell what it was; but her strong imagination overpowered her, and, in sudden dread and terror not to be expressed, she turned homeward without a pause.

Left to himself, young Colin of the Girmel stood for a few minutes lost in amazement. Then he followed the flying figure, already far advanced, before him on the darkening way; but, suddenly drawing back as he saw some one approach in the opposite direction, the young farmer leaped over a convenient stile, and made his way into the high-road, whistling a loud whistle of defiance—

Shall I like a fail, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gang—to France for me!

He concluded his song aloud as he went loftily upon his way; and next week Colin was deep in a flirtation with the daughter of his nearest neighbor, but it would not do; and he was learning to be sentimental, for the benefit of pensive Agnes Raeburn, before another seven days were out.

CHAPTER X.

"I'm no that ill—no to complain of," said Kirstin Beatoun; "I can aye do my day's wark, and that's a great comfort; and, indeed, when I think o't, I'm better than mony a younger woman—for naething ails me—I have aye my health."

"I'm sure it's a wonder to see you," said the sympathizing neighbor. "Mony a time I say to my sister Jenny, 'Woman, can ye no keep up a heart? There's Kirstin Beatoun

lost her man and her youngest laddie in ae night — enough to take life or reason, or maybe baith; but just see to her how she aye bears up. It's a miracle to me every day."

"Ay," said Kirstin, quietly, "so it is, Marget; but the Lord gies a burden to be borne, no to be cast off and rejected; and I'm waiting on His will, whate'er it may be. I'm no to gang out of this at my ain hand, though mony a time I may be wearied enough, or have a sair enough heart, to lay down my head with good will; but I'm waiting the Lord's pleasure. He'll bid me away at His ain time."

"Eh Kirstin, woman, it's as guid as a sermon to hear ye," said the reverential Marget; "but our Jenny says it's a' the difference of folk's feelings, and that ane takes a trouble light by what anither does. But I say to Jenny, 'Ye'll no tell me that it's because Kirstin Beatoun has lost feeling — it's because she's supported, woman; and I'm just the mair convinced after speaking to yoursell. It's tellt in the toun for a truth that the auld man said something awfu' comforting, just as if he kent what was gawn to happen, the night he was lost. Many a ane has askit me, thinking ye might have telled me, being such close neighbors; but ye're aye sae muckle your lane, and the door shut; and I hadna the face to chap at a shut door and ask the question plain. Is't true, Kirstin?"

"Kirstin, can ye no come in and shut the door! I hate to hear folk claverin'," said a harsh voice from within.

"It's my guidstier, Ailie Rintoul," said Kirstin, relieved by the interruption.

"Eh, it's that awfu' Mrs. Plenderleath," said the inquisitive neighbor; "but that's my little Tammie greeting. I left him in the cradle just to ask how ye were this lang time, seeing ye at the door; but I maun away noo."

And as she went away, Kirstin stood still on her own threshold for some minutes. The flush of summer was over, and its fervent air was growing cool. Perhaps it was because she breathed it so seldom that the freshness of the air was unusually grateful to her to-day — perhaps she lingered only to reduce herself into her usual composure; for the incautious touch of the passing gossip had raised into wild and vivid life the grief which it was her daily work to curb and subdue.

Within, seated, as always, by the fireside, opposite the empty arm-chair, Ailie Rintoul was wiping some burning tears from her cheek, when Kirstin entered to resume her seat by the wheel.

"I wish there was but some lawful contrivance to shut the mouths of fools!" exclaimed Ailie, passionately; "what has the

like of that idle woman to do with a trouble like ours?"

"She meant nae ill — it's just a way they have. I mind of doing the same mysel, before I kent the ills of this life for my ain hand," said Kirstin, who had already begun with her usual monotonous steadiness to turn the wheel.

Captain Plenderleath was away on a long voyage, and had not been home since his brother-in-law's loss. Ailie was quite alone; and moved, as she had been, by the death of her nearest and most congenial relative, this silent daily visit to the silent Kirstin seemed almost the only interest of her life. They had nothing to speak of, these two forlorn women; but Kirstin span unceasingly, sending a drowsy, not uncheerful hum through the still apartment; and Ailie, fronting her brother's vacant chair, played with the folded handkerchief which she held in her slightly trembling hands. Many years' use and wont had made Ailie content with the almost necessary idleness — the want of all family industries — to which her abundant means and her childlessness compelled her; and thus the richer woman wanted the homely solace which steadied Kirstin Beatoun's heart into daily endurance of her greater sorrow.

"I have been thinking owre a' he said," said Ailie at last. "Mony's the day I have gane owre every word, ane by ane, and how he lookit, and the tear I saw in his ee. Kirstin, do ye mind what he said?"

"Do I mind?" But Kirstin did not raise her head to enforce the distinct emphasis of her question. "To wait to see what the Lord would bring out of a dark providence before I let my heart repine. Guid kens I little thought that night what providence it was that hung owre me and mine; and I am waiting, Ailie, woman; I'm no complaining! I'm striving to do my day's duty, and keep my heart content before the Lord, and wait for His good time. There can come naething but good out of His will, for a' it's whiles hard to haud up your head under the blow; but I'm no repining, Ailie; the Lord forbid I should repine. I'm waiting His pleasure night and day."

And Kirstin hastily put up her hand to intercept a few hot burning tears; and then, through the silence that followed, the drowsy hum of the wheel resumed its voice hurriedly, and went on without a pause.

"I'm looking to earth, and you're looking to heaven," said Ailie, some time after. "You're waiting on to be released and loot away out of this world, Kirstin Beatoun; I'm marvelling what the Lord meant by the dark word of prophecy He put into his servant's mouth at such an awfu' time. He didna ken, puir man, that he was as near heaven then as Moses when he gaed up the hill to die before

the Lord; but I ken of nae prophet that served God mair constant than your man did, Kirstin, and I'll no believe the Lord loot him waste his breath — and him so little to spend! — upon words that had nae meaning. You're no to heed me, if I'm like to disturb you with what I say; but I've mair faith than to think that — I canna think that. There was mair in't than just to submit, and take humbly what God sends. Ye'll no think I would gang against that, but it has anither meaning, Kirstin Beatoun; and though he didna ken himsel what that was, and you dinna ken, and what's mair, I canna see, I'll no believe, for a' that, but that something will come of what he said; for it wouldna be like the Lord to let his servant's words fall to the ground after putting them in his mouth, as if they were but a fuil's idle breath, and no the last testimony of a righteous man."

"I never was guid at doctrine, Allie," said Kirstin; "I never was guid at keeping up a question the way I've seen him and you. I have had owre muckle to do with bairns and cares and the troubles of this life, to be clever at arguing or inquiring, or ony such things. And now, if I have even owre muckle time to turn my thought to the like, I'm feared for beginning, Allie; for ever since I've striven sair to tether my mind down to the day's spinning or the hour's wark, and never lookit behind or before mair than I could help. I ken my man's gane, that was my comfort a' my best days; and I ken my darlin' laddie's gane, that was the desire of my heart; and I ken, forby, that for a' sae dreadfu' a calamity it is, it's the Lord's sending, and I maun aye bless His name; and so I'm no for bringing in ony perplexin' thoughts, Allie, for it would be an awfu' thing for a woman of my years, that's gane through sae muckle, to lose reason and judgment at the last."

And as Kirstin continued her spinning, the wheel trembling with spasmodic motion, as again and again she put up her hand to check the falling tears.

But Allie, feverish and excited, dried hers off hastily with her folded handkerchief, and, turning it over and over in her trembling fingers, brooded on her mystery. Allie Rintoul had lived much and long alone — many slow solitary hours, when the little world, which recognized her as by no means either inactive or unimportant in its concerns, was busied with dearer and more private household duties, had passed in unbroken quietness over the childless wife, whose husband was far upon the sea, whose little maid was more than able for all her domestic work, and to whom the cherished china, and far-travelled shells of her best room, gave only a very brief occupation. Of considerable intellect, too, and a higher strain of mind than the common, Allie remembered the *Gentle Shepherd* and country

romances of her youth with compunction, and knew no literature but the Bible. The noble narratives of the Old Testament were her daily fare, read with interest always thrilling and vivid; and, living among Hebrew kings and prophets, whose every action was miraculously directed, miraculously rewarded, or punished, it was not strange that Allie forgot often how God mantles under even a sublimer veil and silence the providence, as certain and unfailing, which deals with us to-day. But her brother, always venerated, had taken his place now, in her imagination, among the highest seers and sages; and Allie waited for the elucidation of his prophecy with trembling enthusiast faith.

CHAPTER XI.

"I gang and come to the sea and to the shore; and Euphie grows less a lassie, and mair a sober wife, fit for the like of me; and little Johnnie wins to his feet, and cries Daddy when he sees me at the door; and my mother is used to her burden; and poor little Nancy gets a spark in her ee again; but there never comes change to you."

And John Rintoul leant his back against the wall of his little room in the roof, and contemplated with grave composure the rude piece of wood in his hand.

No; there came no change upon it: there they remained, these fatal characters, branding the name of John Rintoul on the broken surface, as they had branded it on the carver's heart a year ago, when he found it on the beach. The rusted nails and jagged edge had not crumbled or broken; and still, through all these peaceful months, a terrible tale spoke in their voiceless silence; still they were the sole token of the shipwreck — the sole memento upon his mother earth of the fate of old John Rintoul.

The John Rintoul who now looked so sadly on his name was prospering again as his sober carefulness deserved. A good sailor and a trustworthy man, people did not fail to discover him to be, and trusted he was accordingly. No longer mate, but captain, his schooner was to sail again in a day or two; and Euphie, rich with the savings of two previous voyages, had exhausted her time and industry to make the captain's appearance worthy of his exalted rank; for though the property was lost, it was still impossible to deny that the captain of a schooner "out of Leith" was a greater man than the skipper of a little Elie sloop, even though the sloop was half his own.

And Captain Rintoul of the *Janet* and *Mary*, with his easy voyages, his increasing means, and his pleasant home, was a man to be envied; and his grief had faded out of present intensity into a little additional gravity, and a general softening of character. Perhaps he was cast at first in a mould less

stern, but certainly he was now settling into a gentler, milder, and less forcible person than Elder John.

Kirstin Beatoun, carefully abstaining from mention of this day, as the first melancholy anniversary of her loss, and sedulously counting, with white and trembling lips, the hanks of yarn revolving on her wheel, bravely strove against the long-restrained and gnawing grief which almost overpowered her now. Finding it impossible to work, she rose at last hastily, and began with considerable bustle to "redd up the house," already only too well arranged and orderly. Then she went out to the little yard behind, and did some necessary work in it, shutting her eyes with a strong pang and spasm at crossing her threshold; her very sight at first was blinded with the broad, dazzling sunshine rejoicing over the sea. By and by her son came to her, to take her away a long, fatiguing inland walk to see some country friends; and it came to an end at last — the longest of all long days — and the first year of her widowhood was gone.

Ailie Rintoul in her own house, and in her own chamber — secretly, with some fear of wrong-doing to interrupt its fervent devotions — fasted all day long, and humbled herself, weeping and crying for some interpretation of her brother's prophecy. Ailie was not quite convinced that her fasting was lawful; but it was a fast kept in secret, unknown even to little Mary, her small serving-maiden, who was no sufferer thereby; and when the night fell, Mrs. Plenderleath slept with a text of promise in her heart. Her heart was very true, very earnest and sincere, if not always perfectly sober in its vehement wishes; and when these words of holy writ came in suddenly upon her mind, as the moon came on the sea, who shall say she did wrong to accept them with a great throb of thankfulness and wonder, as a very message from the heavens!

And Agnes Raeburn stood upon the point, watching the waters under the moonlight as they rolled in, in soft ripples, over the sands of Elie bay. Very different from last year's ghastly gleam and deathlike shadow were the moonbeams of to-night. Soft hazy clouds, tinted in sober gray and brown, and edged with soft white downy borders, flitted now and then across the mild young moon, breaking into polished scales of silver sometimes, like armor for the hunter goddess of heathen fables — sometimes caught up, as if by fairy fingers, into wreaths and floating draperies, glistening white like bridal silk; underneath, the sky was blue, pale, and clear and peaceful; and the Firth lay under that, looking up with loving eyes to reflect a kindred color. No such thing as storm, or prophecy of storm, troubled the lightened horizon, out of which, now and then — the air was so clear — you

could see a sail coming steadily, as out of another world; and the water came rippling up, with gentle breaks and hesitations, now and then crowding back, wave upon wave, like timid children, before they started for a long race, flashing up among the rocks to Agnes Raeburn's feet.

And it is true that the light has come to Nancy's eyes, the color to her cheek. Youth and health and daily work have been too many for her visionary sorrow. She is pensive to-night, as, full of softening memories, she thinks of the storm which she came here to see; pensive, but not afflicted, for autumn and winter are over and gone: the spring comes again with all its happier influences, and her heart is tender, but her heart is healed.

Young Colin Hunter has been tracing her steps; his patience is nearly worn out now with its long stretch of endurance, and the caprice and waywardness of his lady-love; and in the darkening gloaming he steals after her to the point, a little jealous of her motive for wandering there, but quite unconscious that this is the day on which the sloop was lost.

"Are you gaun to gie me my answer, Nancy?" says Colin, with a little impatience. "Here have I been cast about, like a bairn's ba', from one hand to another — fleecing at you — leeing to your mother — courting a body belonging to you, for little less than a year. Am I gaun to get my answer, Nancy? Will ye take me, or will ye no?"

But Agnes has no inclination to answer so blank-point a question. She herself was sufficiently explicit at one time, and Colin bore all her impatient refusals bravely, and held to his suit notwithstanding. Now, his attentions have become a habit to Agnes, and she does not quite like the idea of losing them at once and suddenly, though still she is very far from having made up her mind to the terrible Yes which he demands.

"I wish ye wouldna fash me night and day," said Agnes. "I gied ye your answer lang ago, if you would only take it and leave me at peace."

And as she spoke her heart smote her; for anything insincere or untrue, in whatever degree, was sadly unsuitable to the solemn sentiment connected with this place and time.

"Do ye think a spirit can ever come back?" said Agnes, lowering her voice. "Do ye think if ane departed by a violent end, and wanted to let his friends ken, that he could have means to do it? I saw something ance myself" —

"What did ye see?" asked Colin hastily, for she made a sudden pause.

She was shy of telling — never had told it, indeed, to her nearest friends; but Agnes has her heart softened, opened, and does not

know what a dangerous sign it is to give her confidence thus.

"The night the sloop was lost," said Agnes, speaking very low, and only with difficulty refraining from a burst of tears. "late at night, when every creature was sleeping, I saw a man's figure cross along the shore. It was terrible bright moonlight, so that I could see as clear as day, and the hail town was still, and no a whisper in the air; but I saw the figure moving, and heard the step, straight on — and now I mind it — straight towards Kirstin Beatoun's door."

"The night the sloop was lost?" said Colin — and then he added, with a gay burst of laughter, "Keep your heart, Nancy; it was nae appearance — woman, it was me!"

"You!" Agnes Raeburn suddenly turned very pale, and recoiled from him with a start.

"I had seen my bonnie lassie just that day — I mind it as weel as if it had been yestreen — and I came east the shore at twelve o'clock at night to see the house she was in; so you see it was your ain true sweetheart, Nancy, and naething to be feared for, after all."

Trembling and shivering, cold and pale, Agnes began to cry quietly, with a hysterical weakness, and turned to go home.

"You're no to be vexed now — I've said naething to vex ye," said her suitor, hastening to press upon her a support from which she shrank. "I'll no fash ye the night ony mair, and, to let ye see how forbearing I am, I'll no fash ye the morn; but after that, Nancy, I'll take nae mair naysays. Ye'll have to learn a good honest Yes, and make me content ance for a'."

CHAPTER XII.

"It's nae use asking *me* where Nancy's been," said Mrs. Raeburn, with a little indignation. "She's come that length now that, whae'er she takes counsel with, it's never with her mother; and though I canna shut my een from seeing that she's come in a' shivering, and cauld, and white, like as she had ta'en a chill or seen a spirit, I canna take upon me to say what's the cause; for I'm no in my bairn's favor sae far as to be tellt what her trouble means."

"Oh mother!" Poor Agnes shrunk into her corner by the fireside, and again fell into a little quiet weeping, but made no other reply.

"Nannie, woman, canna ye keep up a heart!" exclaimed Euphie. "There's me, that's come through far mair trouble than you ever kent, and had a house to keep, and a man to fend for, no to speak of that wee sinner" — and the important young mother shook her hand at little Johnnie, triumphant on his grandmother's knee. "But there's

you, a young lassie without a care, dwining and mourning — and just look at me!"

Ay, pretty Euphie, let her look at you — through her own wet eyelashes — through her mist of unshed tears — through the sudden caprice of renewed sorrow which comes upon her like a cloud; — let her look at you, independent in your wifely consequence, rich and proud in your honors of young motherhood, unquestioned in your daily doings, unchidden in your frequent waywardness. And Agnes, lifting her head, looks and looks again, vaguely, yet with trouble in her eyes. Comes it all of being married — of "having a house of her ain" — this precious freedom! For if it was so, poor little, unreasonable, capricious Nancy could find it in her heart to be married too.

For she is very unreasonable, and knows it; and the knowledge only hurries those tears of vexation and weakness faster from her downcast eyes. She has nothing to complain of — nothing to object to in her diligent and devoted suitor — nothing to urge against the powerful arguments with which she feels convinced her mother is about to plead his cause. Poor Agnes does not know what she wants, nor what she would be at; is very well aware that Colin Hunter has distressed her sadly, and given her most unwitting offence to-night; and yet would not by any means stop her tears if she were told that Colin Hunter had satisfied himself with her past refusals, and would trouble her no more. Over all the more immediate chaos, the shadowy form of Patie Rintoul floats like a cloud; and Agnes could break her heart to think that the visitation which has filled her with awe through all this twelvemonth was no visitation after all, and feels her face flush over with vexation and anger to think how she had been deceived. Patie Rintoul! Patie Rintoul! — were all the sights and sounds of that night vanity, and did nothing, after all, come to her from him! And Agnes yearns and longs with a sick, fainting wonder, to think that she had been deceived, and that maybe he did not care for her after all.

Still she is shivering, trembling, pale and cold, starting at sounds without, feeling, her heart leap and throb with unreasoning expectation! What is Agnes looking for? — that Patie himself should rise, all chill and ghastly, from the dark caves of the sea, and say, to satisfy her longing heart, the words he had no opportunity of saying in this world! But Agnes cannot tell what it is she looks for! — cannot give any reason for her emotion — feels her heart beating through all its pulses with a hundred contradictions — wishes and hopes and terrors which will not be reconciled to each other; and at last, as at first, can do nothing but cry — cry like a child, and refuse to be comforted!

"Bless me, mother, what's come owre this lassie!" said Euphie, with some anxiety. "I'm sure I canna tell what to make of it, unless she's just petted like a bairn. Nannie, woman, canna ye haud up your head, and let folk ken what ails you?"

"There's naething ails me," said Agnes, with a new flow of tears; "if folk would just let me alane."

"What ails ye to take young Colin Hunter, then, when ye're so set on your ain way?" interposed Mrs. Raeburn. "The lad's clean carried, and canna see the daylight for ye; and as lang as he's that infaturo, he wouldna be like to cross your pleasure; and if you were in your ain house, ye might have twenty humors in a day, and naeboddy have ony right to speer a wherefore — no to speak of a grand house like the Girmel, and weel-stockit byres, and a riding-horse, and maids to serve ye hand and fit. It's a miracle to me what the lassie would be at! And ye may just be sure of this, Nannie, that you'll never get such another offer, if ye lose this one."

"I'm no heeding," said Agnes, speaking low, and with a shadow of sullenness.

"My patience! hear her how she faces me!" exclaimed the incensed mother. "If I were Colin Hunter, I would take ye at your word, and never look again the road ye were on; and I'm sure it's my hope nae decent lad will ever be beguiled again to put himself in your power. I wash my hands o't. Ye may gang to Kirstin Beaton — or to your sister Euphie there, that belongs to the name of Rintoul as well; for I'll hae nae mair to do wi' an unthankful creature, that winna have guid counsel when it's offered, and casts away her guid chances out of clean contradiction. Just you bide a wee, my woman; ye'll be thankful to take up wi' the crooked-est stick in the wood before a's done."

"Before I took up with our John," said Euphie, interposing with some authority, "ye said that to me, mother, every lad that came to the house; but for a' that, I suppose naeboddy can deny that I've done very weel, and gotten as guid a man as is in a' the Elie, and no crook about him, either in the body or in the disposition. I'll no say, though, but that the Girmel would be a grand downsit for Nancy, if she hadna that great objections to the lad. I think he's a gey decent lad mysel, and no that ill to look upon. What gars ye have such an ill opinion of him, Nannie?"

"I've nae ill opinion of him; I ken naeboddy that has," said Agnes, with a little spirit — not perfectly satisfied, indifferent as she was, to hear her own especial property so cavalierly treated. "He's just as guid as other folk, and better-looking than some; and I see nae reason onybody has to speak of him disdainfully."

"Bless me, what for will ye no take him then?" said Euphie with astonishment.

"Because I'm no wanting him," said the capricious Agnes.

Mother and daughter exchanged glances of marvelling impatience, and Mrs. Raeburn shook her head, and lifted up her hands; but Agnes dried her tears, and, rising from her corner, went about some piece of household business. She had no desire to suffer further catechizing.

"But I wouldna aggravate her, mother, if I was you," said the astute Euphie, "with saying she'll get naeboddy else, for that'll do naething but set a' her pride up to try; and I wouldna tempt her into contradiction with praising him: far better to misca' him, mother, till she wearies and takes his part; and she's no sae sward to do that as it is. I dinna ken if I ever would have set my mind even on our John, if ye hadna gi'en him such an ill word when he came first about the house."

"Ye might have done far better, Euphie," said Mrs. Raeburn with a sigh. "When I consider what like a lassie ye was, and mind of him coming here first — nae mair like a wooer than auld Tammas Mearns is. But it's nae use speaking, and ye're a wilful race, the hail generation of ye; and ane canna undo what's done, and you're wonderful weel pleased with your bargain, Euphie."

"I have occasion," said John Rintoul's wife, drawing herself up. "But if you'll take my word, mother — for I mind by mysel ye'll no take young Colin Hunter's part ony mair, but misca' him with a' your heart, every single thing he does; and you'll just see if it doesna set Nannie, afore the week's out, that she'll never look anither airt, but straight to the Girmel."

How Mrs. Raeburn profited by her daughter's sage advice Euphie could not linger to see, for just then John himself entered to convoy his wife home. He had been with his mother, and John's face was very grave and sad.

Catching a glimpse of it as she bade them good night, the veil fell again over the impassible, visionary mind of Agnes Raeburn. Deep, settled, unbroken melancholy always moved her strangely, as indeed every other real and sincere mood did. Immediately there sprang up, among all her bewildering thoughts, a hundred guesses and surmises as to what might be then passing in the mind of John Rintoul; and from John Rintoul her fancy wandered again to Patie, vividly recalling every scene and incident of the fatal night. If Mrs. Raeburn had been minded to put in instant operation the questionable plan of Euphie, she would have succeeded ill to-night; but as the mother and daughter sat alone together, it soon became quite suffi-

cient employment for one of them to comment bitterly on the absence — a thing invariable and certain — of Samuel Raeburn at his favorite "public;" while the other sat motionless at her seam, living over again the dreary night which seemed to have become a lasting influence, shadowing her very life.

CHAPTER XIII.

"He wasna to fash me last night, and he wasna to fash me the day." Agnes Raeburn awoke with these words in her mind; and a sense of relief, like a respite from condemnation, in her heart.

And gradually, as the day went on, a degree of strange excitement rose and increased in the sensitive heart of Agnes: unconsciously, as she went about all her daily homely duties, she found herself looking forward to the evening as to an era — an hour of mark and note in her life. She had dedicated it to thought — to careful consultation with herself what she should do; and only one so full of wandering fancies, yet so entirely unaccustomed to deliberate *thinking*, could realize what a solemn state and importance endured the hour sacred to this grave premeditated exercise of her reflective powers. Very true, she could have accomplished this piece of thought quite well in her own little chamber, or even in the common family apartment, as she sat over her sewing through all the long afternoon; yet Agnes put off the operation, and appropriated to it, with extreme solemnity, a becoming place and time. The place, from some vague superstition which she did not care to explain to herself, was the little cove upon the shore where John Rintoul found the fragment of the wreck. The time, the last hour of daylight, when she could leave her work unobserved — for Agnes did not care to visit the fated spot at night.

Now Agnes Raeburn all her life had borne the character of thoughtfulness. Childhood and girlhood had added to her honors; — "a thoughtful lassie" was her common repute among her neighbors; and no one, except Agnes herself, had ever learned to suspect that serious thought, after all, and everything like deliberation or reflection, were things unknown, and almost impossible to her mind. Powers of sympathy in such constant use and exercise, that the careless momentary mood of another was enough to suggest, to Agnes' impulsive spirit, states of feeling utterly unknown to their chance originators — an imagination ever ready to fill with vivid scenery and actors the vacant air, whereon her mind, passive itself and still, was content to look for hours — with a strong power of fancy, and a nature sensitive to every touch, were qualities which wrapped her in long and frequent musings, but disabled her almost as much for any real exercise of mind as they

gave her the appearance of its daily practice.

All the day through, Agnes was silent, responding only in faint monosyllables to her mother's attempts at conversation. In the forenoon Mrs. Raeburn was fortunately occupied, and not much inclined to talk; the afternoon she spent with Euphie; and thus through all those long, still, sunshiny hours, Agnes sat alone with the clock and the cat and the kitten, demurely sewing, and with a face full of brooding thoughtfulness. But in spite of this opportunity for deliberation, Agnes Raeburn was by no means tempted to forestall her own fixed period for the final decision — it was so much easier to let her mind glide away as usual into those long wanderings of reverie than to fix it to the question, momentous as that was. Poor Agnes! it was to be a very reasonable decision, wise and sensible; and reason, after all, was so much out of her way.

Samuel Raeburn has taken his tea, and again gone out to his usual evening's sedentary in the little sanded parlor of Mrs. Browest's "public;" and now Agnes may make up the fire and finally sweep the hearth, and put away the cups and saucers, that her mother may find no reprovable neglect if she comes earliest home. But Agnes cannot tell what the feeling is which prompts her to take out of the drawer the new camel's-hair shawl which has kept her in comfort all these winter Sabbaths, and to put on the beaver hat, saucily looped up at one side, and magnificent with its gray feather, which no one has ever seen her wear on "an every-day" before. What Mrs. Raeburn would say to this display is rather a serious question, and Agnes assumes the unusual bravery with a flutter at her heart.

It still wants half an hour of sunset; and Inchkeith throws a cold lengthened shadow, enviously shutting out the water, which throbs impatiently under these dark lines of his, from the last looks of the sun. Black, too, in its contrast with the light, the nearer side of Inchkeith himself frowns with misanthropic gloom upon the brightened sands and glorified brow of Largo Law. A little white yacht, bound for some of the smaller ports high up the Firth, where the quiet current only calls itself a river — just now shooting out of the shadow, reels, as you can fancy, dazzled and giddy, under the sudden canonization which throws a halo over all its shapely sails and spars; and passing fisher-boats hail each other with lengthened cries — only rustic *badinage* and homely wit, if you heard them close at hand — but stealing with a strange half-pa-thetic cadence over the distant water. Ashore here, through the quiet rural high-road, the kye, with long shadows stalking after them, go soberly home from the rich clover-fields

that skirt the public road. And quite another cadence, though even to it the distance lends a strange charm of melancholy, have the voices of the little herds and serving-maidens who call the cattle home.

The tide is back, and all the beach glistens with little pools, each reflecting bravely its independent sunset. This larger basin, which you might call the fairies' bath, has nearly lost the long withdrawing line of light which only touches its eastern edge as with a rim of gold—and the sun is gliding off the prominent fold of the brae, though it droops as if the weight of wealth were almost too much for the sweet atmosphere which bears it, glowing in ruddy yellow glory, over the sea-side turf. The gowans, like the birds, have laid their heads under their wing, and the evening dews begin to glisten on the grass—the soft, short, velvet grass on which Agnes thinks she can almost trace the outline still of the rude fragment, chronicle of death and fatal violence, which crushed the gowans down, and oppressed the peaceful stillness, on yon bright March morning, past a twelvemonth and a day.

A bit of yellow rock projecting from the rich herbage of the brae, and overtopped by a little mound, like a cap, all waving and tufted over with brambles and upright plumes of hawthorn, serves her for a seat—and Agnes composes herself solemnly, puts one small foot upon a little velvet hassock of turf, embossed upon the pebbly sand, and, stooping her face to the support of both her hands, looks far away into the distance, and begins her momentous deliberation. What is it so soon that catches the dreamy eye, only too fully awake to every passing sight, though it puts on such a haze of thoughtfulness? Nothing but a long tuft of wiry grass waving out of a little hollow on the top of the nearest rock, with a forlorn complaining motion, as if it would fain look on something else than these waving lines of water, and fain escape the dangerous vicinity which sometimes crushes with salt and heavy spray, instead of genial dewdrops, its glittering sharp blades. Agnes muses, in her unconscious reverie, and her thinking has not yet begun.

Waking up with a sudden start, she changes her attitude a little, lets one hand fall by her side, and rests her cheek on the other, before she makes another beginning. What now? A glittering bit of crystal in the rock which the sun gets note of just as he is gliding from the point, and, having little time to spare, uses what he has with such effect, that the eyes of the looker-on are half-blinded with the sparkling commotion. Ah dreamy, wandering, gentle eyes! how easy it is to charm them out of the abstraction which they feign would assume!

Now it is the flash and soft undulation of

the rising line of water—now a glistening group of sea-birds going home at nightfall to their waiting households on the May—now a rustle of wind, or of a passing insect, soft among the grass—whatever it is, constantly it is something; and Agnes sees the sky darken, and all the light fade away in the west, but her thinking has still failed to come to a beginning, while the end looks hours or years away.

Just then a footstep, almost close upon her, startles her. She has been so absorbed by all these passing fancies, that not the deepest abstraction of philosophic thought could have made her more entirely unaware of this step in the distance, though for some time it has been advancing steadily on. Turning suddenly round, she sees between her and the pale clear light of the eastern sky a dark figure in a sailor's dress. Her heart beat a little quicker with the surprise, and her whole appearance, shyly drawing back on her seat, with one hand fallen by her side, and the other leaning just as it had supported her hastily-lifted cheek on her knee, is of one suddenly started out of a dream. It is some minutes before she raises her eyes to the face which now looks down wistfully upon her; but when she does so, the effect is instantaneous. A sudden shiver running through every vein—a backward crouch into the very rock, as if there would be protection even in the touch of something earthly and palpable—a deadly paleness, leaving her face—lips, and cheeks, and all—ashen gray like extreme age—a long, shuddering gasp of breath, and eyes dilated, intense-shining out upon the stranger in a very agony. The stranger stands before her, as suddenly arrested as she had been, and, crying "Nancy, Nancy!" with a voice which rings into her heart like a dread admonition, waits, all trembling with suppressed joy and eagerness, to receive some word of greeting.

"I've done you no wrong—I've done you no wrong!" gasps out at last, a broken, interrupted voice. "If there's vision given ye yonder to see what's done on earth, ye might see folks' hearts as well; and though you never said a word to me in this life, I've thought of none forby yourself—never, never, though I did let Colin Hunter come after me; and whatever you are now, oh, man! have mind of folks' mortal weakness, and dinna look at me with such dreadful een, Patie Rintoul!"

"Nancy!"—still he could say nothing but this.

"I thought it was you the night the sloop was lost—I thought you couldna leave this life, and no let me ken; and I could bear to think it was you then, for all my heart fainted, baith with sorrow and fear; but I've done naething to call you up with thae upbraiding

een, and I daurna look at ye now—I daurna look at ye now, and you been twelve months and mair at the bottom of the sea!"

He made no answer, and Agnes dared not rise with her fainting, faltering limbs, to flee from the imagined spectre. The cold dew had gathered in great beads upon her brow—her hands rose, all trembling and unsteady, to cover her eyes, and shut out the face whose fixed look afflicted her almost to madness; but the weak, hesitating arms fell again—she could not withdraw her intense and terrified gaze—could not turn away her fascinated eyes from his.

The steady figure before her moved a little—the strong, broad breast began to heave and swell—and sobs, human sobs, reluctant and irrestrainable, broke upon the quiet echoes. Then he leant over her, closer to her, shadowing the little nook she crouched into; and warm, human breath, upon her brow, revived like a cordial her almost fainted heart. "I'm nae spirit—I've gotten hame, Nancy—I'm Patie Rintoul!"

Patie Rintoul! A succession of strong shudderings, almost convulsive, come upon the relaxing form of Agnes; she is looking at him now with straining eyes, with lips parted by quick, eager breath, with a face which, gradually flushing over, is now of the deepest crimson. Patie Rintoul! and superstition and terror and doubt disappear into a sudden passion of shame and humiliation; for Agnes has told unasked a secret which the living Patie might have begged for on his knees in vain; and now it is impossible even to hope that spirit or "appearance" could assume this bronzed, manly sailor face—this dress so indisputably real—these strong travelling shoes, clouted by hands of human cobbler, and soiled by dust of veritable roadways; and, burying her face in her hands, which still cannot conceal the burning flush under them, Agnes owns her error by faltering forth, in utter dismay and helplessness, "Patie, I wasna meaning you!"

But the generous Patie will not take advantage of his triumph. For a single moment the little cove is startled by a sound of wavering laughter—laughter that speaks a momentary ebullition of joy, greatly akin to tears—and then, with a certain quiet authority, the stranger draws the hands from the hidden face, and half lifts the trembling Agnes from her seat. "I'll ask you anither day what you mean," said the magnanimous Patie; "now I'm content just to be beside ye again; but I'm just on my road to the town—I've seen nane of our ain folk yet—and, Nancy, ye must take me hame to my mother."

And in a moment there flows upon her sympathetic heart the blessedness of Kirstin Beatoun receiving back her son. It scarcely

takes an instant now to subdue her trembling—the thought has strengthened her: "Eh, Patie, your mother!—her heart will break for joy."

"But I come again my lane," said Patie sadly. "What wasna true for me, was true for my father, Nancy. I was washed off the deck of the sloop, and some way fought through the water till I got to a rock; but the auld man went down in her before my very een, and that'll be little comfort to my mother."

"It'll be comfort enough to see you, Patie," said Agnes quietly; "let me slip in before and warn her. I've heard of joy killing folk—and come you in quiet, and speak to naeboddy, by the back of the town."

It was the best arrangement, and Patie reluctantly suffered his companion to leave him as they reached the outskirts of the little town. It was so dark now that the stranger was safe, and had little chance of being recognized.

CHAPTER XIV.

Forgetting entirely the exhaustion of her own late agitation; forgetting the usual extreme decorum and gravity of her demeanor; forgetting herself altogether, indeed, and even forgetting her own somewhat embarrassing share in the joy which she goes to intimate, Agnes Raeburn passes, running, along Elie shore. The gossips have almost all withdrawn from the open door to the warm fire-side, as more suitable to this chill March evening, but still there are loungers enough to get up a rather lively report of the sudden illness of little Johnnie Rintoul, confidently vouched for by two or three who have seen Nancy Raeburn flying at full speed "west the town" to bring the doctor. Nancy Raeburn, quite unconscious, careless and unob-servant of who sees her, runs without a pause to Kirstin Beatoun's door.

It is time for Kirstin Beatoun to go to her early rest: poor heart! there are no household duties to keep her now from the kind, oblivious sleep which helps her for an hour or two to forget her grief. Pausing reverently at the window, Agnes can see dimly through the curtain and the thick panes a solitary figure sitting by the little fire, the faint lamp burning high above her, an open book in her lap, and by her side, upon the little table, a cup of weak, oft-watered tea, Kirstin's sole cordial. In the old times the fire used to be the household light here, casting all official lamps into obscurity; but now the little red glow of its much-diminished contents add no cheerfulness to the melancholy dim apartment, while the projecting ledge of the mantelpiece, by which the lamp hangs, throws a deep shadow upon the hearth. The door is shut, but Agnes, breathless and excited in

spite of her momentary pause, forgets the usual warning of her coming, and, bursting in suddenly to the quiet room, rouses Kirstin from her reading with a violent start.

When she is within it, the hopeless, forlorn solitude of the once cheerful kitchen strikes Agnes as it never struck her before; and, without saying a word to Kirstin, she suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of tears.

"Somebody's vexed ye, my lamb," said Kirstin, tenderly. Agnes Raeburn had insensibly won her way into the widow's forlorn heart.

"Naeboddy's vexed me; it's just to see you here your lane," said Agnes through her tears.

"Is't very desolate to look at?" said Kirstin, glancing round with a faint grieved curiosity. "I could put up the shutter, but I think naeboddy cares to look in and spy upon a pair lone woman now."

"It's no for that; and I'm no vexed," said Agnes, breathlessly, for a familiar foot-step seemed to her excited fancy to be drawing near steadily, and with a purpose, to the widow's door. "I'm no vexed; I'm just as thankful and glad as onybody could be: there's ane come to the town this night with news to make us a' out of our wits with joy."

"Poor bairn!" said Kirstin. "But I mind when I was as glad mysel at any great news from the wars—that was for the men pressed out of the Elie, to think there might be a chance of peace, and of them coming hame; but I've turned awfu' cauld-hearted this year past, Nancy. I think I canna be glad of onything now."

"But ye'll be glad of this," said Agnes. "Oh, if I durst tell without any mair words!—but I'm feared for the joy."

Kirstin grasped the slender wrist of her visitor, and drew her to the centre of the room, into the full lamp-light. Agnes Raeburn's eyes looking out of tears, her face covered with wavering rosy flushes, her mouth all full of smiles, yet ready to melt into the lines of weeping, brought a strange disturbance to the dead calm of Kirstin's face.

"I can be glad of naething but the dead coming back out of their graves—out of the sea—or of my ain call to depart," she said, in a hurried tone of excitement. "Wha's that on my door-stane! Wha's that hovering about my house at this hour of the night! Pity me, pity me, my judgment's gane at the last! I'm no asking if it's a man or a spirit it's my son's fit, and my son's een. I've had my wits lang enough, and my heart's broken. Let me gang, I say—for his face is out there someplace—out there in the dark—and wha's living to heed me if I am, mad the morn's morn!"

And bursting from Agnes' terrified hold, the mother flew out into the open street, where she had caught, with her roused attention, a glimpse of a passing face which was like Patie's—which was Patie's; neither a ghost nor a delusion, but a living man.

Agnes, left alone thus, and very well content to have discharged her errand so far, sat down on the wooden stool by the empty arm-chair, and relieved herself by concluding her interrupted fit of crying. A considerable time elapsed before she again heard these steps approaching, and now they were not alone.

"Gang in, my man, ye'll be wearied after your travel," said Kirstin Beatoun, thrusting her son in before her through the open door. "Ye've been a lang time gane, Patie, and nae doubt ye'er sair worn-out, and glad to come ashore; and I wouldna say but ye thought whiles, like me, that ye were never to see your ould mother again; but we'll say naething about the past; it's an awfu' time. You're hame first, Patie; and when did ye say he was to come himself? Bairns, I dinna want to make ye proud, but we'll hae the hail toun out the morn, to see the sloop come up to Elie harbor, and him come hame."

Poor desolate heart! Joy had done what grief could not do; and for the moment, with these wild smiles quivering on her face, and her restless hands wandering about her son as she seated him in a chair, Kirstin Beatoun was crazed.

"Mother, mother," said Patie sadly, "he's hame in another place; he'll never plant a foot on Elie shore again. Mother, I'm my lane; ye'll have to be content with me."

"Content?" repeated Kirstin, with a low laugh—"content?—ay, my bonnie man, far mair than content. But I wouldna say but Nancy Raeburn would be wanting a share of ye for a handels; and I'll no deny her so far as I have ony say, for she's a fine lassie; but you've never tellt me yet when he's coming hame himself."

Agnes and Patie exchanged sorrowful, bewildered glances; they did not know how to deal with this.

"Mother, there were nane saved but me," said Patie, hurriedly. "My father gae'd down in the sloop, yesterday was a year. It's best for ye to ken; he never can come hame, for he's been dead and gane this twelve-month. Do ye understand me, mother? There's little to be joyful for after a'; them that were best worth perished, and there's naeboddy saved but me."

Patie's eyes fill, for he too had felt very deeply his father's death.

Kirstin stood by him a moment in silence; then she sat down in her former seat, and,

folding her arms upon the table, laid down her head upon them. They could only hear — they could not see — the prolonged and unresisted weeping which came upon her; but when she rose, her face was calm, full of gravity, yet full of sober light.

"God be thanked that has brought you hame again, Patie, my son, and that has preserved me to see this day," said Kirstin, solemnly. "He has sent sorrow, and he has sent joy. He has baith given and taken away; but them that's gane is safe in His ain kingdom, Patie, and He has made the heart of the widow this night to sing for joy."

After this there was room for nothing but rejoicing — the danger was past.

"But I've little to set before my stranger," said Kirstin, looking with a half smile at her neglected cup of tea. "You'll no be heeding muckle about the like of that, Patie; and I'm no that weel provided for a family again. It's late at night noo: if you'll rin east to my guiddaughter, Nancy my woman, she'll be my merchant for ae night; and ye'll hae to gang yoursel, Patie, and see John."

"I'll rin east and see that Euphie puts half a dozen haddies to the fire," said Agnes; "and ye'll come yoursel, Patie and you. I ran a' the way from the braes the night to let you ken the guid news, and you're no to contradict me."

"Na, I mustna do that, at no hand," said Kirstin, with a smile; "but there's your Auntie Ailie has had near as sair a heart as me. We'll have to gang there first, Patie, and then, Nancy my woman, I'll bring my son to see Euphie and John."

Agnes had not run so much or so lightly for many a day; and now she set off upon another race, full of the blithest and most unselfish exhilaration; and it was not until she had almost reached Euphie's door, that a dread remembrance of her gray beaver-hat, with its nodding feather, and the new camel's-hair shawl, and what her mother would think of her wearing them to-night, came in to disturb her happy mind. Ah, culprit Agnes! and all the great pieces of thinking left undone, though the decision does seem something more certain than when you left home so gravely to seek the little cove among the braes; but in spite of these sobering considerations, Agnes carries in such a beaming face to the fireside of her sister, that the very sight of it is preparation enough to John and Euphie for hearing all manner of joy.

CHAPTER XV.

"Ailie, I've come to tell you I've gotten a great deliverance," said Kirstin Beatoun, with solemn composure, as she entered her

sister-in-law's little sitting-room, leaving Patie at the door.

Mrs. Plenderleath, too, was preparing for rest, and sat before the fire, the great family Bible still lying open upon the table, herself placed with some state in her arm-chair, her hands crossed in her lap, her foot upon a foot-stool; solitary, too, as Kirstin Beatoun had been an hour ago; but with a look of use and wont in her solitude, and many little comforts adapted to it lying about her, which, in some degree, took away its impression of painfulness.

"There's word of them," said Ailie, rising stiffly from her seat, and glancing round with the unsteady, excited eyes which had never lost their look of wild eagerness since the day of the wreck. And Ailie grasped tightly with her trembling hands the edge of the table and the edge of the mantel-shelf, unwilling to reveal the strong anxiety and agitation which shook her like a sudden wind.

"There's word of ane of them," said Kirstin. "Ailie, I'm a widow woman a' my days, and you have nae brother; but my son — my son — I've gotten back my darlin' laddie — the comfort of his auld age and mine!"

And Ailie Rintoul, catching a glimpse, as Kirstin had done, of the young face looking in at the door, advanced to him with steps of slow, deliberate dignity, holding out both her hands. Other sign of emotion she would show none, but Patie never forgot the iron grasp in which she caught his hands.

For Ailie's soul was shaken as by a great tempest; — bitter disappointment, satisfaction, thankfulness, joy, she scarcely could tell which was strongest; and her impulse was to lift up her voice and weep, as she welcomed the dead who was alive again. Some strange piece of pride, or fear of committing herself out of her usual gravity before "the laddie," prevented this indulgence, and, by a great effort, very stiffly and slowly Ailie went back to her chair. It was only when she had reached it again, that she could command her voice sufficiently to speak.

"It's the Lord's ain wise way — it's His ain righteous pleasure. It's nae news to onybody that your man, Kirstin Beatoun, my brother that's departed, was a man of God for mony a year; and nae doubt he was ready for his call, and it came just at the best time; whereas it has aye lain heavy at my heart that the laddie was but a laddie after a', and heedless, and had thought but little upon his latter end. Patie, the Lord's sent ye hame to gie ye another season to make ready. See that ye dinna tempt him, and gang to the sea unregenerated again."

In a very short time after, the mother and son left Ailie; for not even the excitement of

this great event could make such a break in her habits as to tempt her out with them to the family meeting in her nephew's house. When they left her, Ailie Rintoul sat for a long time silent by the fire, now and then wiping away secret tears. Then, without missing one habitual action, she went quietly to her rest. Heart and mind might be disturbed and shaken to their foundations, but nothing disturbed the strong iron lines of custom and outward habitude—the daily regulations of her life.

"Ye may think what kind of a time it was to me," said Patie Rintoul, and every eye around him was wet with tears—"the sloop drifting away helpless into the black night, and me clinging with baith my hands to a bit of slippery rock, and the water dashing over me every wave. The next gleam of moonlight I saw her again. I saw she was settling down deeper and deeper into the sea, and the auld man at the helm looking out for me, thinking I was gone. I gied a great cry, as loud as I could yell, to let him ken I was living, and just wi' that the sloop gied a prance forward like a horse, and then wavered a moment, and then gaed down, and I mind anither dreadful cry—whether it was mysel that made it, or anither drowning man like me, I canna tell—and then the rock slipped out of my hands, and I kent naething mair till I came to mysel aboard the Dutch brig, where there wasna a man kent mair language than just to sell an anker of brandy or a chest of tea. I canna tell how lang I had lain there before I kent where I was, but when I came to my reason again my head was shaved, and the cut on my brow near healed—ye can scarce see the mark o't now, mother—but one of the men that had some skill in fevers let me ken after, when I had come to some understanding of their speech, that it was striking against the rock, as I slipped off my grip, that touched my brain and gave me my illness. I've naething to say against the Dutchmen. They were very kind to me in their way, and would aye give me a word in the bygaun, or a joke to keep up my spirit. Nae doubt it was in Dutch, and I didna ken a syllable, but there was the kindly meaning a' the same. Weel, I found out by and by that the brig was a smuggler running voyages out of Rotterdam, and thereaway, to mair ports than aye on the east coast. They were short of hands, and feared for me forby, thinking I might lay information; so, whenever we came near a harbor, whether it was Dutch or English, I had a man mount guard on me like a sentry, and behaved to be content to bide with them, for a' it was sair against my will. We had gane on this way as far as the month of August, when ae day, down by the mouth of the Channel, a cutter got wit of us, and got up her canvass to chase. It was a brisk wind and a

high sea, and our boat was nothing to brag of for a good seagoing boat, though she was clever of her heels, like most ill-doers; but the skipper took a panic, put on every stitch on her that she could stand, and run right out to sea. The man had an ill conscience, and saw the cutters chasing in the clouds, I think; for he wouldna be persuaded to hover a wee and turn again, but maintained he had a right to change the port and gang where he likit, being part owner as well. So we scarce ever slackened sail till we came into Kingston harbor, in Jamaica, where the firm that owned the brig had an office. I took heart of grace, having learnt mair of the tongue, and took upon me to speak to baith skipper and agent to crave my discharge. I wasna asking wages nor ony thing, but just many thanks to them and a passage home. The skipper was *fey*, poor body. It was his ain wilfu' will brought him out to Kingston, where he met with the yellow fever, and got his death in three or four days; but it was just before he took it, and he was awfu' kind to me. I got my leave, and got a possie of silver dollars besides, no to be lookit down on, mother; and a week after that there was a schooner (the "*Justitia*" of Dundee), to sail out of Kingston hame. We came in last night, and I came through to St. Andrews as soon as I could get cleared out of my berth this morning, and, walking hame from St. Andrews, I came down off the braes to the very shore, no wanting to see anybody till I saw my mother; when lo! I came upon Nancy sitting by the little cove, and then we twa came hame."

We twa! Agnes is in her corner again, deep in the shadow of the mantel-shelf, and no one sees the blush which comes up warmly on her half-hidden cheek. No one observes her at all, fortunately—for Euphie has been sitting with the breath half suspended on her red lip, and the tear glistening on her eyelash—John covers his face, and leans upon the table—Kirstin Bentoun, with her hand perpetually lifted to wipe away the quiet tears from her cheek, sees nothing but the face of her son—and even Mrs. Raeburn, forgetful of her offence at Patie for the loss of the sloop, gives him her full, undivided attention, and enters with all her heart into his mother's thanksgiving. So Agnes in her corner has time to soothe the fluttering heart which will not be still and sober, and, in the pauses of her breathless listening, chides it like an unruly child. Here is but a scene of home-like joy, of tearful thanksgiving—the danger and toil and pain and separation lie all in the past. Ghosts and spectres are dead and gone; life, young and warm and sweet, is in the very air: hearts, that would do naught but dream to-day, when there was serious work in hand, now, content with all this unexpected gladness, learn to be sober—for one little

hour; but Agnes only hears a mutter of defiance as she repeats again and again the unheeded command.

Secretly, by Euphie's connivance, the Sabbath shawl and Sabbath hat have been conveyed home, while the house-mother was not there to see; but they lie heavy still on the conscience of Agnes; and heavy too lies poor Colin Hunter, whom now no elaborate piece of thought will avail, for, looking up, she finds Patie Rintoul's eye dwelling on her — dwelling on her with a smile; and the blush deepens into burning crimson as Agnes remembers the secret she told to Patie, and to the grave rocks and curious brambles, by the little fairy cove among the Elie braes.

CHAPTER XVI.

"And this is to be the end o' t' a' — a' the pains I've ta'en wi' ye and a' the care! Eh, Nancy Raeburn! weel may your faither say I've spoilt ye baith wi' owre muckle concern for ye. To think you should set your face to this, and Euphie there, that might ken better, uphauding ye in a' your folly! Wha's the Rintouls, I would like to ken, that I should ware a' my bairns upon them! — A fisher's sons, bred up to the sea, with neither siller nor guid connections. I'm sick of hearing the very name!"

"I think ye might have keept that till I wasna here, mother," said Euphie indignantly. "I'm no denying the Rintouls were fishers, but I would like to ken wha would even a fisher to a tailor, or the like of thae landward trades; and I ken ane of the name that's as guid a man as ye'll find in a' Fife; and Patie's a fine lad, if he's no sae rich as Colin Hunter, and no so discreet as our John. For my part, I wonder onybody has the heart to discourage the puir laddie, after a' he's come through."

"He came through naething at our hand," said Mrs. Raeburn; "and weel I wot he has little cause to look for comfort from us, and him airt and pairt in the loss o' the sloop wi' a' our gear. Just you dry your cheeks, and gang back to your wark, Nancy; and let me see nae mair red een in my house; for if you'll no take Colin Hunter, ye maun just make up your mind to be your faither's daughter a' your days, for Samuel Raeburn will never give his consent to marry ye to Patie Rintoul."

"I'm no asking his consent — I'm no wanting Patie Rintoul," cried poor Agnes, in a passion of injured pride and maidenliness. "I'm wanting naeboddy, mother, if folk would only let me alane."

And it turned out, in the most conclusive manner possible, that Agnes certainly did not want Colin Hunter; and Colin Hunter, stung by kindred pride and disappointment, took immediate steps to revenge himself, but hap-

pily forgot all evil motives very speedily, in a fortunate transfer of his affections to a wife much more suitable for him than Agnes Raeburn. Meanwhile Patie Rintoul, a lion and great man in the Elie, came and went thrifty of his silver dollars, and whistled till the air was weary of hearing it, and every little boy on Elie shore had caught the refrain — a tune which was very sweet music to one heart in Samuel Raeburn's house —

I'll tak my plaid and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie O.

They could put up the shutter on the window, and hide from him her very shadow; but they could not keep his simple serenade from the charmed ear which received it with such shy joy.

Patie went away another voyage in the "Justitia" of Dundee; Patie came home mate, with a heavier purse and a face more bronzed than ever; and Mrs. Raeburn had long ago forgotten her little skirmish with Euphie, and her angry injunction to Agnes, "never to cross Euphie's door when ane of the Rintouls was there." It was a very useless caution this, so long as the Elie itself remained so little and so quiet, and the braes were so pleasant for the summer walks from which Agnes could not be quite debarr'd. By and by, too, father and mother began to be a little piqued that no one else did honor to the good looks of Agnes; and so, gradually, bit by bit, there came about a change.

When another year was out, Samuel Raeburn solemnly assisted at the induction of Captain Plenderleath — now returned a competent and comfortable man, to spend his evening time at home, a magnate in his native town — as one of the redoubtable municipality of the Elie; and as the new bailie's nephew disinterestedly offered to the old bailie his escort home, Samuel Raeburn saith with much solemnity —

"Patie Rintoul! I have twa daughters, as ye ken, and a matter of eight hundred pounds to divide between them when I dee — onyway, I had that muckle afore your faither and you lost the sloop. Now the wife tells me — and I have an ee in my ain head worth twa of the wife's, that you're looking after our Nannie. Be it sae. I conclude that's settled, and that's the premises. Now I maun say it was real unhandsome usage on your part and your faither's to encourage John Rintoul, Euphie's man, to stay at hame for the sake of her havers, and then to let the sloop gang down that hadna had time in our aught to do mair than half pay her ain price; — sae I consider — canna ye gang straight, man! — that I've paid ye down every penny of Nannie's tocher, and that ye're to look for naething mair frae me; and that being allowed and concluded on, ye can settle a' the

rest with the wife, and let the haill affair be nae mair bother to me."

Having said this loftily, Samuel Raeburn went home with placid dignity, and left his house-door open behind him for the unhesitating entrance of Patie Rintoul.

Euphie was angry; Captain Plenderleath indignant; Ailie Rintoul lofty and proud; but the others, most deeply concerned, received very gladly the tocherless bride, to whom her mother did not refuse a magnificent "providing," richer in its snowy, glistening stores, its damask table-cloths and mighty sheets, than ever Euphie's had been; for by this time Mrs. Raeburn had remembered her old friendship for Kirstin Beatoun, and forgotten that she was sick of the very name of Rintoul.

And a humble monumental stone, marking a memory, but no grave, was seen soon among the other grave-stones by the eyes which once looked up reverently to the stately patriarch fisher, the first John Rintoul. Within sight of the place where he used to stand in his antique blue coat and thick white muslin cravat, lifting his lofty head, grizzled with late snows, over the plate where the entering people laid their offerings, stands now a framework of stone, somewhat rudely cut, enclosing

a bit of dark sea-worn wood, carved with the name of Elder John: the sun shines on it, brightly tracing out the uncouth characters, with a tender, renovating hand; and your heart blesses the gracious sunshine as it takes this gentle office, cherishing the name of God's undistinguished servant as tenderly as if it were inscribed upon a martyr's grave. No martyr, though his Master chose for him another than the peaceful way of going home which an aged man himself might choose. In the deep heart of his widow's unspoken love, a canonized saint—to the profound regard of his only sister, a prophet high and honored—to the universal knowledge, a godly man; and the earth, which has no grave for him, and the sunshine which plays upon the great mantle with which the sea encloses his remains, are tender of his name—all that is left of him on the kindly soil of his own land.

Gowans and tender grass slowly encroaching on its base, verdant mosses softly stealing along its thick stone edge—the sea within sight, whereon he lived and died, and the humble roof where he had his home; and many a kindly and friendly eye pauses, with reverent comment, to read the "Lost at Sea" which puts its solemn conclusion to the life of John Rintoul.

From "The Transactions of the Entomological Society."

MR. SPENCE exhibited specimens of the fly called "Tsétsé," which he found were identical with the *Glossina morsitans* of Westwood. He also communicated some observations thereon, founded on a note forwarded to Dr. Quain, by W. Oswell, Esq., who has travelled extensively in Africa, and on one occasion lost forty-nine out of fifty-seven oxen, of which his teams consisted, by the attacks of this fly, the animals dying in a period of from three to twelve weeks after being bitten. It appears that three or four flies are sufficient to kill a full-grown ox; and the following appearances were observable in numerous examples which were examined. On raising the skin, a glairy condition of the muscles and flesh, the latter much wasted; stomach and intestines healthy; heart, lungs, and liver, sometimes all, and invariably one or the other, diseased; the heart, in particular, being no longer a firm muscle, but collapsing readily on compression, and having the appearance of flesh that had been steeped in water; the blood greatly diminished in quantity and altered in quality—not more than twenty pints could be obtained from the largest ox, and this thick and albuminous; the hands when plunged into it came out free from stain. The poison seems to grow in the blood, and through it to attack the vital organs. All domesticated animals, except goats, calves, and sucking animals, die from the bite of this insect; man and all wild animals are bitten with impunity. This fly is confined to particular districts, chiefly between the 15th and 18th degrees of south latitude and the 24th and 28th degrees of east longitude, and is never known to shift.

The inhabitants herd their cattle at a safe distance from its haunts; and if in changing their cattle-post they should be obliged to pass through the country in which it exists, they choose a moonlight winter's night, as during the cold weather it does not bite. It seems to differ in several particulars from the account given by Bruce of the fly called "Zimb," which was only found on plains of "black, fat earth," whereas this was an inhabitant of jungles and country not open. Mr. Oswell, who was present as a visitor, gave a more detailed account of his experience with this African pest.

WILLIAM HOBSON PALMER was indicted for the manslaughter of Charlotte Cardwell. Palmer is a "herb doctor;" he administered "Dr. Coffin's medicines" to the deceased. After her death a large quantity of boxes of lobelia were found in her stomach; lobelia is largely employed in Coffin's medicines; Dr. Letheby pronounced the quantity taken by the woman as sufficient to cause death. But Mrs. Cardwell had suffered from asthma, and after death the lungs were found much inflamed; medical witnesses admitted that lobelia may be employed in asthmatic cases; it is a modern medicine; persons who have taken it for a length of time can swallow large doses with impunity. Mr. Justice Maule pronounced the evidence insufficient to warrant a conviction; and a verdict of "Not guilty" was returned. The judge then remarked, that lobelia was a dangerous medicine, and persons should be very cautious how they administer it.—*Spectator*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LODGINGS THAT WOULD N'T SUIT.

My landlady was a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old woman, with the kind of superficial sharpness of eye that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved within the same small circle. When, or at what age she began the business of letting furnished apartments, or whether she was born in it, and grew up of nature and necessity a landlady, I do not know; but there she was, as intimate with her house and everything that concerned it as a limpet is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, as that exclusive animal is of the outside world. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the force of circumstances, and then it was as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie against the enemy. Her natural foes were the trades-people who dealt in anything she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved but the fortunes of a half-penny, colored her whole day. It was not frequently, however, that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door, and lived in a state of perpetual hostility with the vendors of sprats—O, and live soles.

Her house, or at least the parlor floor which I inhabited, bore a curious resemblance to herself, being a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old floor. It consisted of a sitting-room and bedroom in excellent preservation. What the age of the furniture may have been, it was impossible even to guess; but for all practical purposes, it was as good as new. There was no gloss on it—there never is in a lodging-house—but neither was there a single grain of dust. Though kept constantly clean, it had never been rubbed in its life; and that was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, though as whole as the rest, was not in other respects so fortunate. Its color was so completely faded, that you could not tell what it had originally been; the pattern might have been matter of endless controversy; and it exhibited a decided gangway from the door to the fireplace. Its dimensions might be thought scanty, for it did not cover the entire floor; but then it must be considered that this carpet was intended for the comfort of the lodgers' feet, not of those of the six cane-bottomed chairs ranged at wide intervals along the walls. On the mantel-piece there stood a lion of Derbyshire spar, and flanking him on each side a vase of stoneware; the background being formed by a long narrow horizontal mirror, divided into three compartments, with a black frame.

These apartments, for which I paid twelve shillings a week, were not particularly cheerful. They had, indeed, rather a cold, solitary look; and sometimes in the morning at

breakfast-time, I would fain even have prolonged the ministering of the dirty maid-of-all-work, by asking questions. But Molly had doubtless been ordered not to speak to the lodgers, and therefore she answered curtly; and, slamming down, or whisking off the things, went her way. I had at length recourse to my landlady herself, and found her so much more communicative, that I suddenly conceived the wild idea of being able to select from her reminiscences the materials for a story—with which I had already resolved to delight the public, if I could only think of a plot. She was not at all disinclined to speak. Indeed, I believe she would have made no scruple of telling me the history of all her lodgers, from the epoch when things began to settle down after the Norman Conquest; for it was to some such period I referred in my own mind the first appearance in her window of "Lodgings to Let." But somehow her lodgers had no history to relate. Her favorite hero was a gentleman, who every now and then brought her in news from the world that Parliament was going to impose a tax upon furnished lodgings. This was a very exciting subject. So far as it went, she was so unscrupulous a democrat, that I began to be fearful of political consequences if we were overheard; indeed, she did not hesitate to set the whole boiling of them at defiance, saying, in answer to my caution, that if she was took up in such a cause, she would soon let them know they had got the wrong sow by the ear!

But since my landlady had not a story, why not tell it! There was in it a young gentleman—and a young lady—and a mother—and a journey—and a legacy: all the requisite materials, in short—only not mixed. It would be something new—would n't it!—to give a love-story without a word of love, without an incident, and without a dénouement. Such was my landlady's no-story; and we will get it out of her.

"The lady and her daughter!" said she. "Well, I don't know as there is anything particular to tell about them. They were respectable people, and excellent lodgers; their rent was as punctual in coming as the Saturday; they stayed fourteen months, and then they went away."

"You have not mentioned their name?"

"Their name? Well, surely I must have known their name when I went after the reference; but as they knew nobody, and were known to nobody, I soon forgot it. We called the mother the Parlor, and the daughter the Young Lady; for you see, at that time there was no other young lady in the house. Their occupation! As for that, the mother marketed, and the daughter sewed, sitting in the chair at the window. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they read, sometimes they chatted.

They did nothing else as I know of. They lived on their means, like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You be so green, mister, you make me laugh sometimes!"

"I only wanted to know what was their station, how they lived, and"——

"Lived! oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the Sunday, with potatoes under it; Monday, cold; Tuesday, hashed; then, maybe, a pair of live sole for the Wednesday; Thursday, a dish of sassengers; Friday, sprats—O; and on Saturday, bread and butter in the forenoon, with a save-loy or a polony at tea, made up the week—respectable. I know what a lady is, mister"—here the landlady fixed her eye upon me severely—"and them *were* ladies!"

"I have no doubt at all of it; and the young man was of course something like themselves?"

"He was like nothing but a mystery at the Coburg! I don't know as even he were a young man. He might just as well have been a middle-aged or an elderly man. There he sat at the parlor window opposite, with a book in his hand; but it was easy to see that it was our window he was reading, where the young lady was sitting, as I have told you, sewing in her chair. Day after day, week after week, month after month, there was he looking, and looking, and looking; till the picture, I daresay, gathered upon his eye, and he could see little else in the world."

"The young lady, I hope, returned the looks?"

"She, poor dear! Lor' love you, she was so short-sighted, that she could not tell whether it were a house or a hedge on the other side of the street. She did so laugh when I told her there was a young man a-looking at her! Then, when she turned her poor blind eyes in the direction, promiscuous like, how he snatched away his head, as if he had been a-stealing something! It was a great misfortune for him that I had put my ear in, for all his long, lonely, quiet looks were now at an end. The young lady could not refrain from turning her head sometimes; and every time she did so, it gave him such a spasm! but when, at last, she got up, now and then, as if to look, full-length, at something in the street, he fairly bolted off from the window. He could not stand that by no manner of means; little knowing, poor soul! that the eyes that had bewitched him did not carry half-way across the street."

"That is excellent, mistress," said I, for we were evidently coming to the pith of the story; "but they no doubt met at last?"

"You shall hear—you shall hear," replied my landlady; "but I must first tell you, that one day, when he had been driven away out of sight by the full length of the young lady,

I went out for a couple of chops, for their dinners. Well, I was ever so long gone—for I was not to be done so easily out a ha'penny a pound—but in coming home, as the young lady was still sewing away, I thought I would just pass by the other side before crossing over. And so, mister, while going by the house, I looked in at his window promiscuous—and there was a sight to see! He had retired to the other end of the room, where he was sitting with his back to the wall, his two elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles; and thus had he been staring for an hour right across the street, unseen and alone, with that young lady before him, like a vision of his own calling up. As for the meeting of the two"——

"Stop, mistress! Before you come to that, describe the young man."

"The young man, if he were a young man, was a grave, steady, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been all ages from twenty-five to fifty. He wore black clothes and a white cravat; his hat was always as smooth as satin; his boots looked as if they had been French polished; his hair was brown, and combed smooth; his face gray; and he walked as if he was measuring the pavement with his steps. He left the house at one hour, and returned at another, neither a minute earlier nor later; and he indulged his poor heart with the young lady for the very same space of time every day."

"And the heroine?"

"The what, mister?"

"The young lady—I beg pardon."

"Oh, she was a nice sort of person, of two or three and twenty; light-hearted, but quiet in her manners; with a good complexion; pretty enough features, taking them altogether; and light-blue eyes, with the hazy appearance of short-sight."

"Then, go on to the meeting!"

"I'm a-coming to it. It was one day that the Parlor and the Young Lady were out; and the live sole being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window, wondering what ever could be keeping them, and it just one. So, as the church-clock struck, I sees my young man, as usual, open his door and come out, and after a sweeping glance with the tail of his eye at our window, walk away down the street, so steady that one or two stepped out of his line, thinking he was a-measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming, right in his front, as if for the express purpose of meeting him, but our two ladies! I declare, it put me in mind of the appointment in the paper for the sake of Matrimony with somebody as has honorable intentions and means secrecy. The young man went on for a while, as if he meant to cut right through between the mother and daughter; but his courage

failed him at last, and he stopped at a window, and stared in at the bill, 'Day-school for Young Ladies,' till they had passed some time. He then set off again, and disappeared without turning his head."

"And is this the meeting, mistress?" said I with some indignation.

"To be sure it is," said my landlady, "and the only meeting they ever had; for that very day the Parlor received a letter from France, or Scotland, or some other place abroad, which made her give me a week's warning; and at the end of that time they went off, and I never saw them more."

"And is this your story, mistress?" said I, getting into a downright rage.

"I told you from the first, mister," replied my landlady, flaring up, "that I had no story to tell; and if you don't choose to hear the end of it, you may do the other thing!"

"It is the end, my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interesting a way with you, that really!"

"Well, well. It was eight months before I heard anything about the ladies; but then I had a few lines from the Parlor, telling me that she had given up all thoughts of returning to London, as her daughter was now well married, and she was to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about, or who it was from; for the young man had gone too, soon after them—to one of the midland counties, I heard—and what with crosses of my own, and the tax that was going to be laid upon lodgings, I had forgotten all about them. By the end of a year, things were very dull with me. The parlors were empty, and the two-pair-back had gone off without paying his rent. One day I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself what ever was to be done, when all of a sudden a knock came to the door, that made my heart leap to my mouth. Not that it was a loud, long knock, clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock, ra—tatt; nor a knock like yours, mister, rät-ät-ät-ät; it was three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them; and I could have sworn the strokes were knocked by the young man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on the door on the other side of the way."

"I hope to goodness you were right?" said I.

"Never was wrong in my life," said my landlady, "when I felt anything. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hat, glossy boots, brown hair, gray face—all were unchanged. He looked steadily at me for some seconds when I opened the door, and I was just going to ask him how he did—when at last he said: 'Lodgings!'"

"Yes, sir," said I, "please to step in;" and I showed him into the parlor. He looked

at everything minutely, but without moving from where he stood near the door: at the table, the chairs, the fireplace, the chimney-glass; I am sure he noticed that the tail of that lion was broken (but the hussy tramped for it, I can tell you!)—nothing escaped him; and at last he looked at the window, and at the chair the young lady used to sit in as she sewed; and then, turning quietly round, he walked out.

"What do you think of them?" asked I anxiously, as I followed him.

"Wouldn't suit," said he; and so he went his way. I was a little put out, you may be sure!"

"I'll take my corporal oath of that!" remarked I.

"But not so much as you think, mister," said my landlady; "for I could not help feeling sorry for him. But yet I own, when the very same thing occurred next year!"

"Next year!"

"On the very day, hour, minute, second: the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer: 'Wouldn't suit!' The next year!"

"My dear madam!—how long is that ago?"

"Well—a matter of twenty year."

I was glad it was no worse; for a misgiving had come over me, and my imagination was losing itself in the distance of the past.

"The next year," continued my landlady, "and the next, and the next, and the next, were as like as may be. Sometimes the parlor was let; but it was all one—he would see it, 'as it might do for another time;' and the lodgers being out, he did see it, and still it would n't suit. At last, I happened one year to be out myself, forgetting that it was the young man's day; and my! as the thought struck me when coming home, it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I had n't done right. I was by this time accustomed to the visit, you see, and always grew anxious when the time came. But it was of no consequence to him; only he stared twice as long when the door was opened, and he saw a strange face. But he went in all the same, looked at everything as usual—Would n't suit. At all these visits of inspection, his stay was of the same length to a minute; and when he went away, I found—for I did watch him once—he walked straight to the coach-office."

"Well, mister, you may think, as years passed on, that I saw some difference in the young man's appearance. But he didn't grow a bit older. His hair changed, but his gray face was still like granite stone. His pace became slower; but for that, he only came the sooner, so that he might have the same time to look, and get back to the coach at the proper moment. Then he seemed to

tremble a little in his walk ; but he had now a cane to keep him stiff and upright ; and he still looked as if he was a-measuring the pavement, only taking more pains to it. I cannot think what it was that made me care so much about that old young man, for I never in my life exchanged more words with him than you have heard. But once, when the clock was fast, and he had n't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair, and grew so nervous that, when at last the knock came, I started up with a scream. But this was after we had been well-nigh a score of years accustomed to each other. Earlier, I was sometimes cross ; that was when we had hardly any lodgers, and the parlor never *would* suit. But it was all one to him. He did n't mind me a pin — not even when, being in better humor, I once asked him to sit down. He just looked as usual — as if there was nobody in the world but himself. I was so nettled, that I thought of repeating the invitation, and pointing to the young lady's chair ; but it was a bad thought, and I am glad now I kept it down.

"He grew more and more infirm ; and at last, when one year he came and went in a coach, although he would not make use of coachee's arm either in coming down or going up the steps, I had a sore heart and dim eyes looking after him. The next year, you may be sure, I was at my post as usual ; but when it came near the hour, I was so fidgety and nervous, that I could not sit down, but kept going from the parlor window to the door, and looking up at the clock. The clock struck — there was no knock. Poor old young man ! In ten minutes more, there was the postman's knock, and I took the letter he gave me into the parlor — slow and desolate-

like. The girl was out ; we had hardly any lodgers ; things were very bad with me — I was sore cast down. But business is business ; and I opened the letter, which was no doubt about the apartments, for I never got any other. This time it was from a country attorney, telling me of that Death, and of a clause in the will, leaving a hundred pounds to me for my trouble in showing the lodgings that would n't suit. Mister, I was took all of a heap ! The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man — the young lady — the long, long love-looks across the street — the meeting he could n't stand, that was like Matrimony in the papers — the visits to the parlor, where she had lived, and sat, and never saw him — the gray face — the sinking limbs — the whitening hair — the empty lodgings — the hundred pounds ! I was alone in the house ; I felt alone in the world ; and straightway I throws the letter upon the table, plumps me down in a chair and burst out a-crying and sobbing."

Here my landlady stopped ; and here ends a tale that wants, methinks, only incident, plot, character, coloring, a beginning, a middle, and an end, to be a very good one. But all these it receives from the reader, who is acquainted with the inner life of that old young man, and is able, if he chose, to write his history in volumes ; and whose memory brings before him some unconscious image, which gave a tone and direction to the thoughts of years, and supplied a Mecca of the heart for his meditative visits, without affecting in any sensible degree the cold calm look, and the measured step with which he paced through the cares and business of the world.

THE CONDEMNATION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE ;
PAINTED BY DELAROCHE. — A picture of this great historical subject, just painted by Paul Delaroche, has been on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's ; and is about to be engraved in line, by the engraver of the "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" — M. A. François, of Paris — under the superintendence of the painter himself. The moment selected is when the discrowned queen, having just heard her sentence of death pronounced, turns to leave the Convention, followed by the republican guards, amid the howls and menaces of the spectators. In one face alone are there distinct traces of sympathy — that of a young girl to the extreme right of the composition, who gazes tearfully at the queen. This head is earnestly expressive ; but it may be said that in Marie Antoinette's face and figure centres the whole interest of the work. The other personages, some dozen in number, are kept back by conventional tones of color and an artificial disposition of the lights and shadows, and are, indeed, of themselves comparatively valueless. We cannot acquiesce in this system on the grounds

either of technical art or of the proportion due to the subject ; but that face and figure will compensate for much. With only faint traces of its old auburn in her whitened hair, with eyes red from watching and endurance, but unchanged by any immediate emotion, and unswerving from their forward gaze, her head erect on her erect neck, she walks straight on. There is silence on her face ; to her judges and her enemies she has spoken for the last time ; and now scorn is stamped there final and supreme — a scorn not indicated by any movement of the features, but the expression of her whole self. It is the scorn too of a queen at bay ; which will produce revolt and rage in the popular heart, and the determination to bring it down anyhow, rather than remorse or compunction. Such is the main expression ; but it is complicated with *nicer* shades of feeling — disdainful pity and strong self-mastering effort ; and all are subdued, as well in the undemonstrative action of the figure as in the countenance, beneath the calm mask of dignity. In virtue of this figure the picture is a grand one, truly and highly historical. — *Spect.*

From the Examiner.

Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon; with Travels in Armenia, Kurdistan, and the Desert. Being the result of a Second Expedition undertaken for the Trustees of the British Museum. By AUSTEN H. LAYARD, M. P., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains." With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. Murray.

WE know no fairy tale that more excites the imagination than a narrative of the discoveries that have been made within the last few years upon the site of Nineveh. Told, as here, by the chief discoverer himself, in a most pleasant, easy, graphic way, yet also with a genuine earnestness, it is the most delightful reading in the world. The account of Mr. Layard's second expedition now before us forms a work less striking than his former volumes upon Nineveh and its Remains only because the topic is no longer absolutely new. The details, however, are new; and in every essential respect the present work is more important and more interesting than its predecessor, inasmuch as it begins where that left off, and guides us with a strange certainty, before impossible, among the stupendous records of the old Assyrian kings.

The scholarship of Col. Rawlinson, Doctor Hincks, M. de Saulcy and others has by this time begun to tell with good effect on the Assyrian inscriptions; and there occur so many modes of testing, in one place and another, the correctness of a reading, that of many most important fragments we may now say positively that they have been thoroughly read and translated. Nor is there any fair reason to doubt that continued study of the subject will result in an almost complete revelation of the knowledge that still lies hidden beneath the undeciphered arrow-heads. There is material enough to work upon. Mr. Layard's present volume relates chiefly to explorations at Kouyunjik in one palace, the palace of Sennacherib. The glories of Assyria were carved upon its walls, and in that one palace alone two miles of sculptured wall have been already discovered. Seventy-one of its halls, chambers, and passages have been entered, and twenty-seven portals formed by colossal-winged bulls and lion sphinxes have been laid bare by Mr. Layard during his researches.

Two of the chambers so explored contained state records on tablets and cylinders of clay. In the great fire by which the palace was destroyed, the shelves on which these records may have been arranged would of course have been consumed; at any rate the records were discovered, in a mass of fragments strewn upon the floor—a layer of historic treasure, a foot thick. In the volume before us we also read how the Arab excavators dug their way to the very throne of Sennacherib; and, not

least among the multitude of other wonders, we are told of a clay seal, now in the British Museum, attached probably to a treaty of peace between Assyria and Egypt, displaying on one piece of clay the signets of the two great kings, side by side, Sennacherib and Sabaco.

But endless as are the topics for surprise and admiration in this volume, there is also something to suggest regret. Although we are very far indeed from underrating the immense value of the wall sculptures which enable us to see the old Assyrians in their habits as they lived, getting in harvests of praise and glory, yet we cannot but regret very much that the extreme inadequacy of the means placed at Mr. Layard's command, should have compelled him almost wholly to confine and limit his attention to the walls of those rooms which he entered. That so much should have been done with so little, and so many grand results obtained, is not one of the least wonderful portions of the tale of wonder which is brought to us from Mesopotamia. Cheap as labor is in a region where the camel-load of wheat (480 lbs.) costs but 4s., it would have been impossible for any man not gifted with Mr. Layard's rare combination of energy and tact to have economized his means so well, or to have produced out of the slender material resources placed at his command a tenth part of the results now before us. As it is, however, Mr. Layard has been compelled to restrict his operations; to tunnel round the walls of chambers for their sculptured tablets, and to leave the mass of earth and ruin untouched, over the floor of almost every room. And when we consider the gains that have rewarded an examination of the floor of the two small record chambers, it seems to us most probable that under the huge masses of ruin now covering the pavements trodden by Sennacherib, there must be hidden many an object which, like the throne of the great king—

To all living, mute memento breathes
More touching far than aught which on the walls
Is pictured.

The reader will at the same time understand that we think the course actually taken in all respects best adapted to make the most of the means afforded. For the limited amount of excavations he was authorized to undertake, Mr. Layard most properly and wisely selected his field. He could not afford to dig to waste, and therefore made his chief business to trace along the walls, which, from the outward signs already visible, it was quite certain contained a rich vein of historic ore. But what treasures are yet to come out of the great Nineveh mines, when our national sense of their value shall have been expressed by a less niggardly allowance

for the working of them, we dare hardly calculate at present.

A portion of Mr. Layard's present volume is devoted to the account of some excavations on the site of Babylon; but although they led to a few discoveries of very great importance, they were not prosecuted far because the quantity of waste labor is much greater at Babylon than at Nineveh. There are at Babylon no tablets of carved alabaster, and very few sculptures found on any kind of stone. Stone was not readily obtained by the Babylonians, and their palaces were therefore ornamented with glazed brick, with plaster work and colors. The buried palace of Nebuchadnezzar has for a long series of years, indeed, provided bricks for all the buildings in the neighborhood; there is scarcely a house in Hillah which is not almost entirely built with them; and upon every single brick is stamped the name of the king.

As was the case with Mr. Layard's Nineveh and its remains, one great charm of the *Nineveh and Babylon* lies in the admirable sketches of the tribes that now move to and fro upon the soil of the Assyrians. The reproduction of the past is heightened in effect by being placed in apposition with the present. No traveller — no, not Burckhardt himself — has ever so completely won the confidence of Eastern dwellers among tents; or has obtained, from familiar genial intercourse with Bedouins and Yezidis, so accurate a knowledge of their character. Setting aside altogether the great subject matter of his books, there still remains in Mr. Layard's narrative so much of the best spirit of the traveller, and he has such intimate and kindly knowledge of the Arab, that he might have achieved a reputation for his pictures of the present, if he had not made his name immortal in connexion with discoveries relating to the past.

It is a curious fact that there have been no tombs discovered on the site of Nineveh, nor any representation on the sculptures of the mode in which the Assyrians disposed of their dead. Did they, like a good sanitary nation, burn them all? At Nimroud, in the high conical mound at the north-west corner, Mr. Layard discovered the remains of a square tower, in which a narrow gallery was found vaulted with sun-dried bricks, and blocked up at each end. This may have been a royal tomb, but nothing else of the kind was discovered. And, says Mr. Layard —

No remains whatever were found in it, neither fragments of sculpture or inscription, nor any smaller relics. There were, however, undoubted traces of its having once been broken into on the western side, by digging into the face of the mound after the edifice was in ruins, and consequently, therefore, long after the fall of the Assyrian empire. There was an evident depres-

sion in the exterior of the mound, which could be perceived by an observer from the plain, and the interior vault had been forced through. The remains which it may have contained, probably the embalmed body of the king, with vessels of precious metals and other objects of value buried with it, had been carried off by those who had opened the tomb at some remote period, in search of treasure. They must have had some clue to the precise position of the chamber, or how could they have dug into the mound exactly at the right spot? Had this depositary of the dead escaped earlier violation, who can tell with what valuable and important relics of Assyrian art or Assyrian history it might have furnished us? I explored, with feelings of great disappointment, the empty chamber, and then opened other tunnels, without further results, in the upper parts of the mound.

It was evident that the long gallery or chamber I have described was the place of deposit for the body of the king, if this were really his tomb. The tunnels and cuttings in other parts of the mound only exposed a compact and solid mass of sun-dried brick masonry. I much doubt, for many reasons, whether any sepulchre exists in the rock beneath the foundations of the tower, though, of course, it is not impossible that such may be the case.

Among other evidence by which the king who built the palace of Kouyunjik is identified with Sennacherib, is the discovery, among the wall sculptures, of a picture of the siege of Lachish. This discovery, which signalized the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, has supplied the testimony much wanted of a perfect identification of one series of the sculpture subjects with a known event in the reign of Sennacherib. The description of the scene of the siege as thus represented on the palace wall we should have been glad to quote — with many other most striking additions to our former knowledge of these marvellous remains — but we shall probably make a still better use of the limited space at our disposal if we rather extract a few passages showing the extent of Mr. Layard's influence among the Arabs, and the undoubted power that he seems to have acquired over them by the cordial and generous nature of the intercourse he has kept up. His influence, we may remark, has been used always to promote reconciliation between tribe and tribe, and to increase everywhere peace and good-will; and we may specially commend to the reader an illustration of peace advocacy (too long to be quoted, but to be found at p. 168) highly characteristic of the people with whom Mr. Layard had to deal — in which a raging conflict of mutual plunder between two wild tribes suddenly subsides into the pleasanter excitement of a chase after Mr. Layard's greyhounds in pursuit of a hare.

Here is a delightful sketch of Mr. Layard's

Arab workmen moving the lions—opening with a characteristic description, nobly felt and written:—

By the 28th of January, the colossal lions forming the portal to the great hall in the north-west palace of Nimroud were ready to be dragged to the river-bank. The walls and their sculptured panelling had been removed from both sides of them, and they stood isolated in the midst of the ruins. We rode one calm cloudless night to the mound, to look on them for the last time before they were taken from their old resting-places. The moon was at her full, and as we drew nigh to the edge of the deep wall of earth rising around them, her soft light was creeping over the stern features of human heads, and driving before it the dark shadows which still clothed the lion forms. One by one the limbs of the gigantic sphinxes emerged from the gloom, until the monsters were unveiled before us. I shall never forget that night, or the emotions which those venerable figures caused within me. A few hours more and they were to stand no longer where they had stood unscathed amidst the wreck of man and his works for ages. It seemed almost sacrilege to tear them from their old haunts to make them a mere wonder-stock to the busy crowd of a new world. They were better suited to the desolation around them; for they had guarded the palace in its glory, and it was for them to watch over it in its ruin. Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, who had ridden with us to the mound, was troubled with no such reflections. He gazed listlessly at the grim images, wondered at the folly of the Franks, thought the night cold, and turned his mare towards his tent. . . . Owing to recent heavy rains, which had left in many places deep swamps, we experienced much difficulty in dragging the cart over the plain to the river-side. Three days were spent in transporting each lion. The men of Naifa and Nimroud again came to our help, and the Abou-Salman horsemen, with Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman at their head, encouraged us by their presence. The unwieldy mass was propelled from behind by enormous levers of poplar wood; and in the costumes of those who worked, as well as in the means adopted to move the colossal sculptures, except that we used a wheeled cart instead of a sledge, the procession closely resembled that which in days of yore transported the same great figures, and which we see so graphically represented on the walls of Kouyunjik. As they had been brought so were they taken away.

It was necessary to humor and excite the Arabs to induce them to persevere in the arduous work of dragging the cart through the deep soft soil into which it continually sank. At one time, after many vain efforts to move the buried wheels, it was unanimously declared that Mr. Cooper, the artist, brought ill-luck, and no one would work until he retired. The cumbrous machine crept onwards for a few more yards, but again all exertions were fruitless. Then the Frank lady would bring good fortune if she sat on the sculpture. The wheels rolled heavily along, but were soon clogged once more in the

yielding soil. An evil eye surely lurked among the workmen or the bystanders. Search was quickly made, and one having been detected upon whom this curse had alighted, he was ignominiously driven away with shouts and execrations. This impediment having been removed, the cart drew nearer to the village, but soon again came to a stand-still. All the Sheikhs were now summarily degraded from their rank and honors, and a weak ragged boy, having been dressed up in tawdry kerchiefs, and invested with a cloak, was pronounced by Hormuzd to be the only fit chief for such puny men. The craft moved forwards, until the ropes gave way, under the new excitement caused by this reflection upon the character of the Arabs. When that had subsided, and the presence of the youthful Sheikh no longer encouraged his subjects, he was as summarily deposed as he had been elected, and a graybeard of ninety was raised to the dignity in his stead. He had his turn; then the most unpopular of the Sheikhs were compelled to lie down on the ground, that the groaning wheels might pass over them, like the car of Juggernaut over its votaries. With yells, shrieks, and wild antics the cart was drawn within a few inches of the prostrate men. As a last resource I seized a rope myself, and with shouts of defiance between the different tribes, who were divided into separate parties and pulled against each other, and amidst the deafening *tahlel* of the women, the lion was at length fairly brought to the water's edge.

We add a few quaint sketches of oriental character picked almost at random from a host of others. The first is a tale told by his people against one of Mr. Layard's friends.

THE SLEEP OF A PASHA.

His excellency not fostering feelings of the most friendly nature towards Mamik Pasha, the new commander-in-chief of Arabia, who was passing through Mosul on his way to the headquarters of the army at Baghdad, and unwilling to entertain him, was suddenly taken ill and retired for the benefit of his health to Baasssheikhah. On the morning after his arrival he complained that the asses by their braying during the night had allowed him no rest; and the asses were accordingly peremptorily banished from the village. The dawn of the next day was announced, to the great discomfort of his excellency, who had no interest in the matter, by the cocks; and the irregular troops who formed his body-guard were immediately incited to a general slaughter of the race. The third night his sleep was disturbed by the crying of the children, who, with their mothers, were at once locked up, for the rest of his sojourn, in the cellars. On the fourth he was awake at day-break by the chirping of sparrows, and every gun in the village was ordered to be brought out to wage a war of extermination against them. But on the fifth morning his rest was sorely broken by the flies, and the enraged Pasha insisted upon their instant destruction. The Kiayah, who, as chief of the village, had the task of carrying out the governor's orders, now threw

himself at his excellency's feet, exclaiming, "Your highness has seen that all the animals here, praise be to God, obey our Lord the Sultan; the infidel flies alone are rebellious to his authority. I am a man of low degree and small power, and can do nothing against them; it now behoves a great Vizir like your Highness to enforce the commands of our Lord and master." The Pasha, who relished a joke, forgave the flies, but left the village.

KURDISTAN HOSPITALITY.

At its entrance was a group of girls and an old Kurd baking bread in a hole in the ground, plastered with clay. "Have you any bread?" we asked.—"No, by the Prophet!" "Any buttermilk?"—"No, by my faith!" "Any fruit?"—"No, by Allah!"—the trees were groaning under the weight of figs, pomegranates, pears, and grapes. He then asked a string of questions in his turn: "Whence do you come?"—"From afar!" "What is your business?"—"What God commands!"—"Whither are you going?"—"As God wills!" The old gentleman, having thus satisfied himself as to our character and intentions, although our answers were undoubtedly vague enough, and might have been elsewhere considered evasive, left us without saying a word more, but soon after came back bearing a large bowl of curds, and a basket filled with the finest fruit. Placing these dainties before me, he ordered the girls to bake bread, which they speedily did, bringing us the hot cakes as they drew them from their primitive oven.

THE BEG FROM THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD.

Near Abou-Sheetha is a small village named Kaaitli, inhabited by sedentary Arabs, who pay tribute to the Sheikh. A few tents of the Tai were scattered around it. As we passed by, the women came out with their children, and pointing to me exclaimed, "Look, look! this is the Beg who is come from the other end of the world to dig up the bones of our grandfathers and grandmothers!" a sacrilege which they seemed inclined to resent.

A VICTIM OF TURKISH REFORM.

Seated near him on the divan I found my old friend Ismail Agha of Tepelin, who had shown me hospitality three years before in the ruined castle of Amadiyah. He was now in command of the Albanian troops forming part of the garrison. A change had come over him since we last met. The jacket and arms which had once glittered with gold, were now greasy and dull. His face was as worn as his garments. After a cordial greeting he made me a long speech on his fortunes, and on that of Albanian irregulars in general. "Ah! Bey," said he, "the power and wealth of the Osmanlis is at an end. The Sultan has no longer any authority. The accursed Tanzimat (Reform) has been the ruin of all good men. Why see, Bey, I am obliged to live upon my pay; I cannot eat from the treasury, nor can I squeeze a piastre—what do I say, a piastre? not a miserable half-starved fowl—out of the villagers, even though they be Christians! Forsooth, they must talk to me about reform,

and ask for money. The Albanian's occupation is gone. Even Tafil-Bousi (a celebrated Albanian condottiere) smokes his pipe, and becomes fat like a Turk. It is the will of God. I have forsworn raki, I believe in the Koran, and I keep Ramazan."

RESULTS OF PROPHECY.

I gained, as other travellers have done before me, some credit for wisdom and superhuman knowledge by predicting, through the aid of an almanack, a partial eclipse of the moon. It duly took place, to the great dismay of my guests, who well nigh knocked out the bottoms of all my kitchen utensils in their endeavor to frighten away the Jins who had thus laid hold of the planet.

TURKISH PERSECUTION OF THE NESTORIANS.

The pastures and arable lands around their villages had been taken away from them and given to their Kurdish tyrants. Taxes had been placed upon every object that could afford them food, and upon their mills, their looms, and their hives, even upon the bundles of dried grass for their cattle, brought with great labor from the highest mountains. There was no tribunal to which they could apply for redress. A deputation sent to the Pasha had been ill-treated, and some of its members were still in prison. There was no one in authority to plead for them. They had even suffered less under the sway of their old oppressors, for, as a priest touchingly remarked to me, "The Kurds took away our lives, but the Turks take away wherewith we have to live."

Little did this primitive old priest imagine he was uttering the speech put by an old Christian playwright into the mouth of a Jew—but what unconscious testimony is thus given to the genuine orientalism of *Shylock*!

We now gather a note or two about Arab horses.

Whenever a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he be even about to receive his death-blow from the spear of his enemy, he will frequently exclaim, "O Fellan! (such a one) the mare that fate has given to you is of noble blood. She is of the breed of Saklawiyah and her dam is ridden by Awaith, a sheikh of the Fedan" (or as the case may be). Nor will a lie come from the mouth of a Bedouin as to the race of his mare. He is proud of her noble qualities, and will testify to them as he dies. After a battle or a foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy will send an envoy to ask their breed, and a person so chosen passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man, as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the animal he may have lost.

Again:—

On one occasion, when I was amongst the Shammar at Al Hather, an Arab rode into my encampment on a beautiful gray colt. I was so much struck with the animal, that I at once expressed a wish to its rider to purchase it. He merely intimated that the sum I named was

beneath the value. I increased it, but he only shook his head, and rode off. Nevertheless, the report spread amongst the tribes that he had bargained for the sale of his horse. Although of the best blood, the animal was looked upon with suspicion by the Bedouins, and the owner was, some months after, obliged to sell him at a lower price than I had bid, to a horse-dealer of Mosul! A knowledge of such little prejudices and customs is very necessary in dealing with the Arabs of the Desert, who are extremely sensitive, and easily offended.

There is a good deal of practical philosophy in the following idea:—

The Bedouins are acquainted with few medicines. The desert yields some valuable simples, which are, however, rarely used. Dr. Sandwith hearing from Suttum that the Arabs have no opiates, asked what they did with one who could not sleep. "Do!" answered the Sheikh, "why, we make use of him, and set him to watch the camels."

Here is a modern version of an ancient tale:—

The inscription is called Meher Kapousi, which, according to the people of Wan, means the Shepherd's Gate, from a tradition that a shepherd, having fallen asleep beneath it, was told in a dream the magic word that opened the spell-bound portal. He awoke and straightway tried the talisman. The stone doors flew apart, disclosing to his wondering eyes a vast hall filled with inexhaustible treasures; but as he entered they shut again behind him. He filled with gold the bag in which, as he tended his flocks, he carried his daily food. After repeating the magic summons, he was permitted to issue into the open air. But he had left his crook, and must return for it. The doors were once more unclosed at his bidding. He sought to retrace his steps, but had forgotten the talisman. His faithful dog waited outside until nightfall. As its master did not come back, it then took up the bag of gold and carrying it to the shepherd's wife, led her to the gates of the cave. She could hear the cries of her husband, and they are heard to this day, but none can give him help.

And from oriental fiction we may pass, for our last quotation, to an illustration of oriental notions about fact. To show the uniform spirit in which Eastern philosophy and Muslim resignation contemplate all the various evidences of ancient greatness and civilization now so suddenly rising up in the midst of modern ignorance and decay, Mr. Layard gives the letter of a Turkish Cadi written in reply to some inquiries as to the commerce, population, and remains of antiquity of an ancient city, in which dwelt the head of the law:—

"My illustrious Friend, and Joy of my Liver!

"The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person

loads on his mules and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

"Oh, my soul! oh, my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

"Of a truth, thou hast spoken many words; and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here, and never desire to quit it. Is it possible then that the idea of a general intercourse between mankind should make any impression on our understandings? God forbid!

"Listen, oh, my son! There is no wisdom equal unto the belief in God! He created the world, and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate into the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, behold this star spineth round that star, and this other star with a tail goeth and cometh in so many years? Let it go! He from whose hand it came will guide and direct it.

"But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, oh man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest that thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in things I care not for; and as for that which thou hast seen, I defy it. Will much knowledge create thee a double belly, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

"Oh, my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

"The meek in spirit (El Fakir),

"*IMAUM ALI ZADE.*"

How difficult it has been to single out any special passages for quotation from a book in which every page contains matter of value—we need hardly say. Even now we cannot close the book without directing the reader's particular attention to the descriptive beauty of the eleventh chapter—the journey from Mosul to the Khabour.

Nor can we close our comments without a grateful recognition of the spirit and good sense displayed by Mr. Murray, in meeting the wide public demand for Mr. Layard's writings, by issuing the work before us at once in a cheap form. When regard is paid to the amount of type and liberality of illustration in the volume (both of which are remarkable) it will be evident that full benefit is given to the public of that certainty of a large sale which is commanded by the interest of Mr. Layard's subject, and by the cheerful, manly way in which he wins our sympathies over the telling of his wondrous tale of *Nineveh and Babylon*.

From Chambers' Journal.

MANKIND, FROM A RAILWAY BAR-MAID'S
POINT OF VIEW.

MANKIND is composed of great herds of rough-looking persons, who occasionally rush with frightful impetuosity into our refreshment-rooms, calling for cups of coffee, and hot brandy and water, which they tumble into themselves scalding, and pay for in furious haste; after which they rush out again, without exchanging a civil word with anybody. Mankind, even of the first class, are dressed queerly in pea-coats, paletôts, cloaks, and caps, with no sort of attention to elegance. They indulge much in comforters, and green and red handkerchiefs, and sometimes little is seen of their visages beyond the mouth and the point of the nose. While they stand at the bar eating or drinking, they look much like a set of wild beasts in a menagerie, taking huge bites and monstrous gulps, and often glaring wildly askance at each other, as if each dreaded that his neighbor would rob him of what he was devouring. It is a very unamiable sight, and has given me a very mean opinion of mankind. They appear to me a set of beings devoid of courtesy and refinement. None of them ever takes off hat or cap when eating, and not one of even those whom I suppose to be clergymen, ever says grace before the meat which I hand him. A soup or a sandwich is no better in this respect than a brandy and water. When a lady comes in amongst these rude, ungracious animals, unless she has a husband or other friend to take some care of her, she is left to forage for herself; and I have seen some forlorn examples of the sex come very poorly off, while gentlemen were helping themselves to veal and ham pies, and slices of the cold round. I don't know any difference in mankind for a great number of years. They are just the same muffled-up, confused-looking, munching, glaring, bolting crew, as when I first became acquainted with them at the station. They are not conversable creatures. They seem to have no idea of using the mouth and tongue for any purpose but that of eating. They can only ask for the things they wish to eat or drink, and what they have to pay for them. Now and then, I hear some one making a remark to another, but it seldom goes beyond such subjects as the coldness of the night; and this, by a curious coincidence, I always find to be alluded to just before I am asked for a tumbler of punch, as if there were a necessary connection between the two ideas. Sometimes a gentleman, when the bell suddenly rings for seats, and he only begun with his cup of coffee and biscuit, will allow a naughty expression to escape him. Beyond this, mankind are a taciturn, stupid set; for though I hear of speeches, and lectures, and conversa-

zations, I never hear or am present at any, and I can hardly believe that such things exist.

I am, indeed, rather at a loss to understand how all those things that one hears of in the newspapers come about. We are told there of statesmen who conduct public affairs, of soldiers who fight gallantly for their country, of great poets and novelists who charm their fellow-creatures, and of philosophers and divines who instruct them. A few will lay their heads together, and raise a Crystal Palace. Some will combine, and throw a tubular bridge across a strait of the sea. These things are a complete mystery to me, for I see nothing of mankind but coarse eating and drinking, and most undignified runnings off when the bell rings. There must surely be another mankind who do all the fine things.

One detestable thing about the mankind that comes under my observation, is their gluttony. Every two or three hours they rush in, demanding new refreshments, and eating them with as much voracity as if they had not seen victuals for a week. They eat eight times a day on our line, and the last train is always the hungriest, besides taking the most drink. It is a perfect weariness to me, this constant feed—feed—feeding. What with the quantity they eat, and what with the haste of the eating, we must send out hundreds of indigestions from our rooms every day.

On account of these shocking habits on the part of mankind, I have for some time past entertained a great contempt for them, inasmuch, that I almost wish to see them scald themselves with my cups of tea, and choke upon my pies. For me to think of marrying any specimen of so coarse a crew, is entirely out of the question; so it is quite as well that Tom Collard, the guard, left me for Betsy last summer, and that, as yet, no other follower has come forward. It will be best for them all to keep their distance—so assures them their obedient, humble servant,

SOPHIA TANKARD.

The Principles of Mechanical Philosophy, applied to Industrial Mechanics; forming a Sequel to the Author's "Exercises on Mechanics and Natural Philosophy." By Thomas Tate, F. R. A. S., of Kneller's Training College, Twickenham, &c.

The object of this work is to remove an evil pointed out by Professor Moseley in his Report on the Hydraulic Machines of the Great Exhibition—the frequent sacrifice of capital and of much mechanical ingenuity, in English machinery as compared with French, from the want of a knowledge of mechanical laws. Mr. Tate enunciates the principles of his subject, and illustrates them by means of exercises, conducted for the most part "on algebraical and mathematical principles."—*Spectator*.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Diseases of the Human Hair.* From the French of M. Cazenave, Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris; with a Description of an Apparatus for Fumigating the Scalp. By T. H. Burgess, M. D. 1851.
2. *Hygiène Complète des Cheveux et de la Barbe: Basée sur des récentes découvertes physiologiques et médicales, indiquant les meilleures formules pour conserver la chevelure, arrêter la chute, retarder le grisonnement, régénérer, les cheveux perdus depuis long-temps, et combattre enfin toutes les affections du cuir chevelu.* Par A. Debay. Paris, 1851.

SINCE the world began hair has been an universal vanity. Our young reader will doubtless confess that, as his name is tossed up from landing to landing by imposing flunkies, he passes his hands carefully through his curls to give them the last flowing touch ere he enters the ball-room — while Mr. Layard, from out the royal palace buried by the sand-storms of thousands of years, has shown us what thorough “prigs” were the remote Assyrians in the arrangement of their locks and beards. What applies to the male sex does so with double force to the women; and we have not the slightest doubt that Alcibiades fumed at the waste of many a half-hour whilst his mistress was “putting her hair tidy,” or arranging the *golden grasshopper*. Not only as a means of ornament has the hair been seized upon by all classes and generations of our kind, but it has been converted into an index, as it were, of their religious and social opinions. The difference between the freeman and the slave was of old indicated by the length of the hair. In later times we all know how the Puritan rejoiced in a “polled” head, whilst the Cavalier flaunted about in exuberant curls; so at the present moment no tub-thumper would venture to address his “dearly beloved brethren” without having previously plastered his hair into pendant candle-ends. The fact of its being the only part of the body a man can shape and carve according to his fancy is sufficient to account for the constancy with which he has adopted it as his ensign of party and doctrine, and also for the multitudinous modes in which he has worn it. Leaving this part of the subject for a time, however, we will briefly consider those characteristics of hair which, taken broadly, art cannot modify nor fashion

hide. Briefly, we say, and very imperfectly — for hair in an ethnological point of view is itself a very wide subject, and its adequate treatment would require a far longer paper than we at present contemplate.

Dr. Prichard, in his laborious work on the different races of mankind, apportioned to the melanic or dark-haired the greater portion of the habitable globe. Europe is the chief seat of the xantho-comic or light-haired races; indeed they seem to be almost confined to its limits, and within those limits to be cooped up in certain degrees of north latitude.

From Norway and Sweden, following their sea-kings, the hardy fair-haired races poured their piratical hordes down the great overhanging peninsula, and as if from some yard-arm thronged and dropped, boarding the great European ship, whose more immediate defenders fled in consternation before them. In this manner nearly the whole of North Germany received its prevailing population, and Britain in her turn saw her primitive black-haired Celts and Cymri driven into the mountains of Scotland and Wales. The subsequent seizures and settlements made by the Danes on our eastern coast did not in any way interfere with the flood of fair-haired people in possession, as they were of the same blond type; and the Norman invasion — in whatever proportion actually dark — would, in point of aggregate numbers, have been far too limited to affect it. The indigenous tribes, on the whole, seem to have been about as completely eaten out by the fierce fair-haired men of the North, whenever they came in contact, as were the small black rats, once common to our island and some portions of the continent, by the more powerful gray rodent of Norway.

The chief features of the ethnological map of Europe were settled before the tenth century, and, especially as regards the disposition of the dark and light-haired races, it remains in the mass pretty much the same as then. Nevertheless, certain intermixtures have been at work shading off the original differences. At the present moment the fairest-haired inhabitants of the earth are to be found north of the parallel 48; this line cuts off England, Belgium, the whole of Northern Germany, and a great portion of Russia. Between the parallels 48 and 45 there seems to be a debatable land of dark brown hair, which includes northern France, Switzerland, and part of Piedmont, passes through Bohemia and

Austria Proper, and touches the Georgian and Circassian provinces of the Czar's empire. Below this line again, Spain, Naples, and Turkey, forming the southern extremity of the map, exhibit the genuine dark-haired races. So that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the color of their hair a perfect gradation — the light flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores. To this regular gradation, however, there are some obvious exceptions. We have already noticed the dark tribes lingering within our own island — the same is true as to the Celtic majority of the Irish; and even the Normans, as we now see them, are decidedly ranked among the black-haired. On the other hand, Venice, which is almost southern in latitude, has always been famous for the golden beauty of its hair, beloved so of Titian and his school. These isolated cases, however, only prove the rule that race mainly determines, among other ethnological peculiarities, the color and texture of the hair. If latitude or temperature affected it materially, Taffy, Paddy, and Donald would by this time have been toned down pretty decently to the prevailing fair-headed type; if even there had been much mixture of the Celt with the Saxon, we should not see the former breed marked out by such a lump of darkness amidst the generally fair portion of the European map.

The effect of the admixture of races is evidenced very strongly, we think, by comparing the inhabitants of the great capitals with the populations of their respective countries. London, the centre of the world, is neither fair nor dark-haired, but contains within itself all shades of color. Even so the Parisian no more represents the black-haired Norman or swart Breton than our cockney does the pure Saxon of the southern and western counties. Vienna is another example. What went on rapidly in such cities as these, has been progressing more slowly in those countries which form the highways of nations. Thus the brown hair of middle Europe is the neutral tint, which has naturally resulted from the admixture of the flaxen-haired races of the north with the old southern population.

If we open a wider map we only receive a simpler proof that race alone determines the color of the hair. Thus, taking the parallel of 51 north, and following it as it runs like a

necklace round the world, we find a dozen nations threaded upon it like so many parti-colored beads. The European portion of the necklace is light-haired — whereas the Tartars, northern Mongols, and aboriginal American Indians have black straight hair — and Canada breaks the chain once more with the blond tresses of the Saxon.

That climate and food have some effect in modifying race, and with it hair as one of its most prominent signs, we do not deny; but these disturbing causes must act through a very long period of time to produce any marked effect, and certainly within the historical period we have no proof of a dark-haired people having become light, or *vice versâ* of flowing hair changing into woolly locks — Tom Moore's capital joke about the Irish niggers notwithstanding.

Having said that race determines the color and quality of the hair, we have said nearly all that ethnology teaches upon the subject. An examination of its structure shows that the difference of the color is entirely owing to the tint of the fluid, which fills the hollow tube in each hair. This tint or pigment shows through the cortical substance in the same manner that it does through the epidermis of a negro. Hair is in fact but a modification of the skin. The same might be said of feathers, horns and scales. Not improbably the distinguished lady now honoring these pages with her attention, will be shocked at hearing that her satin-soft shoulder is almost chemically identical with the plated and roughened mail of the crocodile — and she will hardly perhaps believe us when we inform her that her bird, when he sets right some erring feather with his beak, is acting with the same chemically composed instrument upon the same chemically composed material as Mademoiselle does when she disentangles with a comb her charming mistress' softly-flowing tresses. The fond lover again, as he kisses some treasured lock, will doubtless be disgusted when we tell him, that, apart from the sentiment, he might as well impress his fervent lips upon a pig's pettito, or even upon the famous Knob Kerry, made out of the horn of a rhinoceros, carried by the king of hunters, Mr. Roualleyn Gordon Cumming.

The hair, anatomically considered, is composed of three parts — the follicle or tubular depression in the skin into which the hair is inserted — the bulb or root of the hair — and

the stalk or cortical part filled with pigment. A single hair, with its follicle, might be roughly likened to a hyacinth growing from a glass — with this difference that the hair is supplied with nutriment exclusively from below. The bulb, which rests upon the reticulated bed of capillary vessels of the cutis and sub-cutaneous tissue, draws its pigment cells or coloring matter directly from the blood — in like manner, the horny sheath is secreted directly from the capillaries — so that, unlike the hyacinth-plant; it grows at its root instead of at its free extremity. A hair is not, as it appears, a smooth cylindrical tube like a quill; on the contrary, it is made up of a vast number of little horny laminae; — or our reader might realize its structure to herself by placing a number of thimbles one within the other — and, as she adds to this column by supplying fresh thimbles *below*, she might get a good notion of the manner in which each hair grows, and will see that its oldest portion must be its free extremity.

The pigment cells have been scrutinized by Liebig, who finds a considerable difference in their constitution according to their color. His results may be thus tabularized: —

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon . . .	49.345	50.622	49.935
Hydrogen . .	6.576	6.613	6.631
Nitrogen . .	17.936	17.936	17.936
Oxygen and sulph.	26.143	24.829	25.498

From this analysis it would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen with a deficiency of carbon, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vauquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The coloring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft, luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

Another eminent German has undergone the enormous labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors. In a blond one he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs, was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the

hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow — a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon.

Shakspeare especially seems to have delighted in golden hair. "Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece" — so Bassanio describes Portia in the Merchant of Venice. Again, in the two Gentlemen of Verona, Julia says of Sylvia and herself — "Her hair is auburn — mine is perfect yellow." Twenty other passages will suggest themselves to every reader. Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate women. A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets — old Homer himself for one; — and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery — beginning with those glorious "Studies of Heads," the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens: there is not a single black-haired female head among them.

One is struck, in passing along the streets, by the curiosities one sees in those armories of Venus, the hairdressers' windows. Whence come those magnificent head-dresses which the waxen dummies slowly display as they revolve? From what source issue those pendant tresses gleaming in the background, with which the blooming belle, aptly entangling their snaky coil with her own, tempts our eligible Adams? Who are they that denude themselves of coal-black locks, that she who can afford a price may shore up her tottering beauty? Alas! free-trading England, even for her hair, has to depend upon the foreigner. Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human-hair merchant. Of these there are many, and they import between them upwards of five tons annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by one adventurous virtuoso, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighboring

damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his *Summer in Brittany*, gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market, as regularly as peas or cabbages. Staring his fill at a fair in Collenée, he says—

What surprised me more than all, by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable "mode" which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief—they net immense profits by their trips through the country.

This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch Farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for, and he almost raved about a peculiar golden tint which was supremely prized, and which his father used to keep very close, only producing it to favorite customers, in the same manner that our august sherry-lord, or hock-herr spares to particular friends—or now and then, it is said, to influential literary characters—a few magnums of some rare and renowned vintage. This treasured article he sold at 3s. an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away—and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject wherewith ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the color of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-cen-

tury, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself "when his nose was in" could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair! The destination of the imported article is of course principally the boudoirs of our fashionable world, and the glossy ringlets which the poor peasant girl of Tours parted with for a few sous, as a nest-egg towards her dowry, have doubtless aided in procuring "a suitable helpmate" for some blue spinster or fast Dowager of Mayfair. Wigs of course absorb some portion of the spoil—and a cruel suspicion rises in our mind that the *Comical* artists of this our Babylon do not confine themselves to the treasured relics intrusted to their care, but that many a sorrowing relative kisses without suspicion mementoes eked out from hair that grew not upon the head of the beloved one.

The pure whiteness of the hair in Albinos is owing to the perfect absence of pigment—an absence which extends itself to the choroid coat of the eye and also to the iris. This condition of non-development, which amounts to a physical defect in man, seems to be the normal condition of many animals—such as white bears, white mice, white rabbits, and white weasels—in which the pink eye denotes a total lack of coloring matter; whilst white feathers and hairs are very common among birds and animals, and in many of them indeed this color—or rather negative of color—is constant.

The gray hair of age and debility in the human subject results, it is supposed, from a withdrawal of the pigment cells. We feel that we are now touching upon a part of our subject that becomes personal to not a few of our most respected readers. Many a *viccar* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few gray hairs—"pursuivants of Death"—and he eradicates the tell-tales with anything but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organized a diligent army of young girls to war against decay, and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Epilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang out "Plus de Cheveux Gris"—and indeed of late we observe London advertisements beginning with "No more Gray Hairs." White hair, however, is not necessarily the slow work and certain mark of age. Some persons become gray very young; we believe that many in the prime

vigor of life are suddenly blanched from the effect of terror, or some other great mental disturbance. Marie Antoinette's hair, it seems to be allowed, turned gray in the night preceding her execution. A case came lately under our own observation, in which a soldier, in order to escape the service, malingered in a hospital for three months, feigning rheumatism, and such was his anxiety to keep up the deception (which was, however, completely penetrated by his medical attendant) that he turned perfectly gray, although quite a young man. In these cases of emotion, it is supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigment of the hair, which at once discharges its color. In some, though very rare instances, persons have been born with patches of white hair, and there is at present in the Museum of Natural History at Paris a portrait of a piebald negro, in which the hair of the head presents very much the parti-colored appearance of the wigs exposed in the windows, half black and white, as specimens of the power of the various hair-dyes.

Women are quite as often gray as men, but from baldness they are almost entirely exempt. This is owing in a great measure to the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. Eunuchs, who possess much subcutaneous fat in this part, are never bald. The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in texture; a fact which Chaucer noticed in the Friar—"His crown it shon like any glass." This denseness of texture in the skin is owing to the destruction of the bulbs of the hair and the closure of the follicles; any attempt to reproduce the natural covering of the head on such surfaces will prove quite hopeless. From some cause or other, baldness seems to befall much younger men now than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures; which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver might recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well ascertained circumstance that soldiers in helmeted regiments

are oftener bald than other of our heroic defenders.

Hair, the universal vanity, has of course been seized upon universally by quacks—it has proved to them indeed the true Golden Fleece. Science, as though such a subject were beneath its attention, has left the care of the most beautiful ornament of the body in the hands of the grossest charlatans. M. Cazenave is the only scientific person who has ever treated at any length of the hair, or has shown, by the light of physiology, what art is capable of doing, and what it is powerless to do, in cases of disease and baldness. Those who understand how the hair is nourished can but smile at the monstrous gullibility of the public in putting such faith in the puffs and extracts of the hair-reviewers. Really, the old joke of the power of a certain preparation to restore the bald places in hair-trunks and in worn-out boas, has become a popular working belief. There is one fact which every one should know, and which would be sufficient to rout at once all the trash with which people load their heads. The blood is the only Macassar of the hair, the only oil which can with truth be said to "insinuate its balsamic properties into the pores of the head," &c. &c. Oils and pomades may for a time moisten and clog the hair, but over its growth or nourishment they are absolutely powerless. The fine network of vessels on which the bulbs of the hair rest is alone capable of maintaining its healthy existence. To a sluggishness in the capillary circulation baldness is mainly due; when this sluggishness is the result of a general failure of the system, consequent upon age, as we have said before, no art will avail—the inevitable Deliah proceeds unchallenged with her noiseless shears. When, on the contrary, baldness proceeds from any temporary cause—when the bulb still remains intact—slight friction with a rough towel or a brush, aided by some gently irritating pomade, is the only course to be pursued. Dupuytren, who made baldness the subject of a chapter in his great work on Skin Diseases, gives the following receipt, which seems to us calculated to produce the desired result—to promote capillary circulation, and a consequent secretion of the materials of hair-growth:—

R. Purified beef-tallow . . .	ʒviij.
Acetate of lead . . .	ʒj.
Peruvian balsam . . .	ʒiij.
Alcohol	ʒj.
Tinct. of cantharides, cloves, and cannella . . .	āā mxx.
Mix.	

We do not see why internal applications should not be tried, and we are not at all certain that gelatine soups and pills made of the ashes of burnt hair might not be effectual in

baldness, as those ingredients would supply to the blood the materials necessary for the production of hirsute growths. Those who have bad taste enough to obliterate with hair-dye the silvery livery of age should at least keep in mind the horrible position in which Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse found himself, whose carrots were turned into a lively green; they should also be informed that nitrate of silver is the chief ingredient of all the preparations, which in most cases act by entirely altering the cortical portion of the hair.

Once a month, at shortest, we of the male sex are, by the exigencies of fashion, obliged to submit our heads to the tender mercies of the executioner. Swathed in wrappers of calico, the head fixed by a neckful of tormenting short hairs, a man is planted like an unfortunate wicket, and bowled at by the abhorred barber with pomatum-pots, essences, tinctures, and small talk. Our friend Punch, who seems to have suffered from this martyrdom, recommends a very neat style of batting, or rather of blocking the balls, as thus—

SCENE—*A Barber's Shop. Barber's men engaged in cutting hair, making wigs, and other barbaresque operations.*

Enter JONES, meeting OILY the barber.

Jones. I wish my hair cut.

Oily. Pray, sir, take a seat.

[OILY puts chair for JONES, who sits. During the following dialogue OILY continues cutting JONES' hair.]

Oily. We've had much wet, sir.

Jones. Very much indeed.

Oily. And yet November's early days were fine.

Jones. They were.

Oily. I hoped fair weather might have lasted us

Until the end.

Jones. At one time—so did I.

Oily. But we have had it very wet.

Jones. We have.

[A pause of some minutes.]

Oily. I know not, sir, who cut your hair last time;

But this I say, sir, it was badly cut: No doubt 't was in the country.

Jones. No! in town!

Oily. Indeed! I should have fancied otherwise.

Jones. 'T was cut in town—and in this very room.

Oily. Amazement! but I now remember well. We had an awkward new provincial hand. A fellow from the country. Sir, he did More damage to my business in a week Than all my skill can in a year repair. He must have cut your hair.

Jones (looking at him). No—'t was yourself.

Oily. Myself! Impossible! You must mistake.

Jones. I don't mistake—'t was you that cut my hair.

[A long pause, interrupted only by the clipping of the scissors.]

Oily. Your hair is very dry, sir.

Jones. Oh! indeed.

Oily. Our Vegetable Extract moistens it.

Jones. I like it dry.

Oily. But, sir! the hair when dry Turns quickly gray.

Jones. That color I prefer.

Oily. But hair, when gray, will rapidly fall off, And baldness will ensue.

Jones. I would be bald.

Oily. Perhaps you mean to say you'd like a wig.—

We've wigs so natural they can't be told From real hair.

Jones. Deception I detest.

[Another pause ensues, during which OILY blows down JONES' neck, and relieves him from the linen wrapper in which he has been enveloped during the process of hair-cutting.]

Oily. We've brushes, soaps, and scent, of every kind.

Jones. I see you have. (Pays 6d.) I think you'll find that right.

Oily. If there is nothing I can show you, sir.

Jones. No: nothing. Yet—there may be something, too,

That you may show me.

Oily. Name it, sir.

Jones. The door. [Exit JONES.]

Oily (to his man). That's a ram customer at any rate.

Had I cut him as short as he cut me, How little hair upon his head would be! But if kind friends will all our pains requite, We'll hope for better luck another night.

[Shop-bell rings and curtain falls.]

Touching upon the subject of applications for nourishing the hair, we must not omit the most important and imposing, though some people imagine perfectly apocryphal, contributors—Bears. We know Bruin has of late been declared a humbug, and there is but too prevalent an opinion abroad that he does not let his genuine grease flow for the benefit of mankind as freely as barbers would have us believe from the announcement we so often see in back streets of "another bear to be killed." After full inquiry, however, we find that Bruin still bleeds without murmuring for an ungrateful public. During the winter months upwards of fifty bears yield up the ghost in this metropolis alone, and they are we find very regular passengers between the ports of St. Petersburg and London. The destiny of these creatures affords a singular instance of the manner in which extremes meet—the shaggy denizen of a Russian forest having at last the honor of yielding up his precious fat to make glossy and smooth the ringlets of an irresistible Pusyite. If Ursa Major could only know his distinguished future!

In order to combat the growing scepticism as to "hairdressers' bears," a worthy son of the craft in the neighborhood of St. Giles' Church was long in the habit, when he

slaughtered a Muscovite, of hanging him by chains out of the second-floor window, with an inscription to the effect that customers bringing their own gallipots might cut the fat out for themselves.

The history of the coiffure commenced, we suppose, when Eve, first gazing on a brook (not far from *the Tree*), discovered the dishevelled condition of her head-gear. As far back as we have any records of man, we find a more or less elaborate fashion of dressing the hair. As we have said before, the Nineveh statues and reliefs show us how justly the old Hebrew prophets describe and rebuke the dandyism of Sennacherib's captains and counsellors. A modern Truett with all his skill must wonder as he gazes upon those exquisite plaitings, and bossings, and curlings which extended over the beard as well as the head of the Assyrian. A glimpse at the wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, and now, as has also been mentioned, among the glories of the Museum, proves that the Egyptians, of even an earlier epoch, probably, were most studious of their toilet. The Greeks, however, with their innate love of the beautiful, carried the arrangement of the hair to the highest point of artistic excellence. The marbles which have come down to us testify to this perfection, and after a lapse of eighteen hundred years all the nations of Christendom, discarding their own hideous devices, have returned with more or less scrupulousness to the models so bequeathed. The Roman dames speedily overlaid the simple beauty of the Greek mode, piled upon their heads imitations of castles and crowns, hoisted their hair in intricate wreaths, and knotted it with a tiresome elaborateness. The men generally showed better taste and continued to sport sharp crisp locks after the manner of "the curled Antony," sometimes with the addition of the beard, sometimes without it. By and by, however, among other signs of decadence, the simple male coiffure was thrown aside for more luxurious fashions, and the Emperor Commodus for one is said to have powdered his hair with gold.

Outside of Rome, long hair was generally prevalent among freemen. The slaves were invariably cropped, and Cæsar relates that he always ordered the populations of the provinces he had conquered to shave off their hair as a sign of their subjection. In the decline of the empire, when any of these provinces revolted, the insurgent captains directed the masses to wear their hair long again, as a signal of recovered freedom. Thus the hair-crops of whole countries were alternately mown and allowed to grow like so many fields at the command of the husbandman — the most important of facts political being indicated — (we despise the vile imputation of a pun) — by the state of the poll. Long hair, during

the dark ages, was very much respected; and at the beginning of the French monarchy the people chose their kings by the length of their locks. In our own island it was equally esteemed; and so far from its being considered a mark of effeminacy to carefully tend it, we are told that the Danish officers who were quartered upon the English in the reign of Ethelred the Unready won the hearts of the ladies by the length and beauty of their hair, which they combed at *least once a-day*. The clergy seem to have been the only class of men who wore the hair short, and this they did as a kind of mortification. Not content with exercising this virtue themselves, however, they attempted to impose it upon the laity. Thus St. Anselm fulminated orders against long hair, both in England and France. There was a kind of hair which received the honor of a special canon denouncing it. This hair, crisped by art, was styled by them *the malice of the Devil*. The following represents — in modernized form, of course — the terms in which the French bishops anathematized it:—

Prenant un soin paternel de punir, autant qu'il est à propos, ceux qui portent des cheveux frisés et bouclés par artifice, pour faire tomber dans le piège les personnes qui les voient, nous les exhortons et leur enjoignons de vivre plus modestement, en sorte qu'on ne remarque plus en eux aucuns restes de la malice du diable. Si quelqu'un pèche contre ce canon, qu'il soit excommunié !

Indeed, so many and such complicated and contradictory ordinances were issued by like authority about the seventh and eighth centuries, that some wag suggested that the young fellows should continue to wear their hair long until the church had settled what short hair really was. In England the clergy did not confine themselves merely to denouncing the flowing tresses of the nobility; impregnated with the practical turn of mind of the country, they acted as well as talked. Thus Serlo, a Norman prelate, preaching before Henry II. and his court, brought the whole party to such a state of repentance respecting the profligate length of their locks, that they consented to give them up, whereupon the crafty churchman pulled a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and secured his victory by clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Such occasional results of pious impulse were, however, of little avail; on the whole, the abomination remained throughout the early reigns of both France and England quite triumphant. In Richard II.'s time the men as well as the women confined the hair over the brow with a fillet. What the clergy, with all their threats of excommunication and promises of paradise, could not effect in a series of ages, was at last brought about by an

accident. Francis I., having been wounded in the head at a tournament, was obliged to have his hair cropped, whereupon the whole of fashionable France gave up their locks out of compliment to the sovereign. In the History of England, illustrated with woodcuts of the kings' heads, which we have all of us thumbed over so at school, the sudden and complete change in the method of wearing the hair between the installation of the Tudor dynasty and the meridian of bluff King Hal must be well remembered. The portraits of the latter period by Holbein are, however, the best of illustrations. The women, as well as the men, appear almost totally deprived of hair, and we cannot help thinking that much of the hard expression of features, which especially marks the female heads of Henry VIII.'s great painter, was owing to the withdrawal of the softening influence of the hair. The close cropping of the gentlemen, on the other hand, gave them a virile aspect which especially suited with the reforming spirit of the age. As the hair shortened, the beard was allowed to flow. Indeed, this compensatory process has always obtained; in no age, we think, have the hair and beard been allowed to grow long at the same time. Shakspeare was constantly alluding to the beard. In his day this term included the three more modern subdivisions of beard, moustache, and whisker—they were all then worn in one. "Did he not wear a great round beard like a Glover's paring-knife?" asks one of his characters, clearly alluding to the extent of cheek it covered. In a word, the period *par excellence* of magnificent barbes comprised the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century—and, as a matter of course, there was at the same time manifested the germ of that party which gave a politico-religious character to the hair of the revolutionary epoch. The Cavaliers began to restore long locks early in the reign of Charles I.; the Puritans, so far from adopting the fashion, polled even closer than before, and at last came to rejoice in the cognomen of Roundheads. Between these two grand extremes, however, there were innumerable other fashions of wearing the hair, the minor ensigns, we suppose, of trimming sectaries. Dr. Hall, who published a little work in 1643, "On the Loathsomness of Long Hair," exclaims—

How strangely do men cut their hairs—some all before, some all behind, some long round about, their crowns being cut short like cootes or popish priests and friars; some have long locks at their eares, as if they had four eares, or were prickeared; some have a little long lock onely before, hanging downe to their noses, like the taile of a weasall; every man being made a foole at the barber's pleasure, or making a foole

of the barber for having to make him such a foole.

The virulence with which the Puritans denounced long hair even exceeded that of the priests of old. Diseases of the hair were lugged in as evidences of the divine displeasure; for example, the worthy divine we have just been quoting talks of *plica polonica* as unquestionably resulting from the wickedness of the times. There is a cat afflicted with this singular hair-disease in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, so we suppose that race at the present time are living profligate lives! What says Professor Owen?

With the renewed triumph of long hair the beard gradually shrank up; first assuming a forked appearance, then dwindling to a peak, and ultimately vanishing altogether. The female coiffure of the Stuart period was peculiarly pleasing: clustering glossy curls, which were sometimes made soft and semi-transparent by a peculiar friz, gave life and movement to the face; whilst a pretty arrangement of loops hung like a fringe across the forehead, and added a great air of quaintness to the whole expression.

But how shall we approach with sufficient awe the solemn epoch of perukes! It is true we have sufficient evidence that the Egypt of Pharaoh was not ignorant of the wig—the very *corpus delicti* is familiar to our eyes—and many busts and statues in the Vatican have actually marble wigs at this hour upon them—clearly indicating the same fact in the days of imperial Rome. But, apart from these very ancient matters, which are comparatively new discoveries, hitherto our attention has been claimed by the simple manipulations of the barber; we now enter upon a period when the dressing of hair rises into a real science, and the perriquier with a majestic bearing takes the dignity of a professor. To France, of course, we owe the reinvention and complete adoption of a head-dress which sacrificed the beauty of nature to the delicacies of art. The epidemic broke out in the reign of Louis XIII. This prince never from his childhood cropped his hair, and the peruke was invented to enable those to whom nature had not been so bountiful in the item of flowing locks to keep themselves in the mode brought in by their royal master. In England the introduction of these portentous head-dresses is well marked in Pepys' Diary. Under date November 3, 1663, he says—

Home, and by and bye comes Chapman, the perriwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my perriwig on, I paid him 3*l.*, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and bye went abroad, after I had caused

all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Besse.

November 8, 1663. Lord's Day. — To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such things.

From this last extract it would appear, that in the beginning the peruke, made as it was from the natural hair, was not very different from the Cavalier mode. The imagination of France speedily improved, however, upon poor old Dame Nature. Under Louis XIV. the size to which perukes had grown was such, that the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair. The great architect of this triumphant age of perukes was one Binette, an artist of such note and consequence that without him the king and all his courtiers were nothing. His equipage and running footmen were seen at every door, and he might have adopted without much assumption the celebrated *mot* of his royal master — *L'état c'est moi*. The clergy, physicians, and lawyers speedily adopted the peruke, as they imagined it gave an imposing air to the countenance, and so indeed it must be confessed it did. One can never look at the portraits of the old bishops and judges dressed in the full-bottomed flowing peruke without a sort of conviction that the originals must have been a deal more profound and learned than those of our own close-cropped age. So impressed was the Grand Monarque with the majestic character it lent to the face, that he never appeared without his peruke before his attendants, and it was the necessity, perhaps, of taking it off at the latest moment of the toilet, that caused him to say that no man was a hero to his valet de chambre. This mode grew so universal that children were made to submit to it, and all Nature seemed bewigged. The multiplicity of sizes and forms became so numerous that it was found necessary to frame a new technical vocabulary, now in parts obscure enough even for the most erudite. Thus there were "*perruques grandes et petites — en folio, en quarto, en trente-deux — perruques rondes, carrées, peintes ; perruques à boudins, à papillons, à deux et trois marteaux,*" &c. &c.

For a long time after this invention the head-dress retained the natural color of the hair, but in 1714 it became the fashion to have wigs bleached; the process, however, was ineffectual, and they speedily turned an ashen gray; to remedy which defect hair-powder was invoked — another wondrous device which speedily spread from the source and centre of civilization over the rest of Europe.

The natural vanity of the fair sex struggled with more or less success against the loss of their own hair, but they managed to friz and build this up with such piles of lace and ribbons that it at length excelled the male peruke. In 1760, when they had reached a truly monstrous altitude, one Legros had the extraordinary impudence to hint that the things was getting beyond a joke, and proposed a return to the "*coiffure à la Grecque.*" For a moment the fair mob of fashion listened, and the hair-dressers trembled, for well they knew that, if the women hesitated, the mode, like their virtue, would be lost. Accordingly they combined with immense force against Legros, instituted a lawsuit, and speedily crushed him. This momentary blight removed, the female head-dress sprang up still more madly than before, and assumed an abstruseness of construction hitherto unexampled. The author of the "*Secret Memoirs*" relates that Queen Marie Antoinette herself invented a coiffure which represented all the refinements of landscape gardening — "*des collines, des prairies émaillées, des ruisseaux argentins et des torrents écumeux, des jardins symétriques, et des parcs Anglais.*" From the altitude of the head-dresses in 1778 it was found that they intercepted the view of spectators in the rear of them at the Opera, and the director was obliged to refuse admittance to the amphitheatre to those persons who wore such immoderate coiffures — a proceeding which reminds us of the joke of Jack Reeve, who, whilst manager of the Adelphi, posted a notice that, in consequence of the crowded state of the house, gentlemen frequenting the pit must shave off their whiskers! Such was the art expended on these tremendous head-dresses, and such a detail required in their different stages, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artists the entire day. Thus, when they had to attend entertainments on succeeding evenings, they were forced to sleep in arm-chairs, for fear of endangering the finish of the coiffure!

The female head-dress, having now arrived at its most Alpine elevation, suddenly toppled over and fell, by the mere accident of the queen's hair coming off during her accouchement. The court, out of compliment to her majesty, wore the hair *à l'enfant*; others followed, and the fashion was at an end. And it was well it was so. It required all the art of our own Sir Joshua to bring this strange mode within the sphere of pictorial art. And yet in real life the white powder was not without its merit. It brought out the color of the cheeks, and added brilliancy to the eyes; in short, it was treating the face like a water-colored landscape, mounting it on an ocean of white, which brought out by contrast all its natural force and effect. Few can have forgotten how many of our beauties

gained by figuring in powder at the court fancy balls of a few seasons back.

The male peruke, startled, it would appear, by the vehement growth of the female coiffure, stood still, grew gradually more calm and reasonable, and at last, spurning any further contest with its rival, resigned altogether — and the natural hair, powdered and gathered in a queue, at first long, then short, and tied with ribbon, became the mode — to rout which it required a revolution; in '93 it fell — together with the monarchy of France. In the world of fashion here the system stood out till somewhat later — but our Gallo-maniac whigs were early deserters, and Pitt's tax on hair-powder in 1795 gave a grand advantage to the innovating party. Pigtailed continued, however, to be worn by the army, and those of a considerable length, until 1804, when they were by order reduced to seven inches; and at last, in 1808, another order commanded them to be cut off altogether. There had, however, been a keen qualm in the "parting spirit" of protection. The very next day brought a counter order: — but, to the great joy of the rank and file at least, it was too late — already the pigtailed were all gone. The trouble given to the military by the old mode of powdering the hair and dressing the tail was immense, and it often led to the most ludicrous scenes. The author of the "Costume of the British Soldier" relates that on one occasion, in a glorious dependency of ours, a field-day being ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors must needs have their heads dressed over night, and, to preserve their artistic arrangement, pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, these poor wretches were forced to sleep as well as they could on their faces! Such was the rigidity with which certain modes were enforced in the army about this period that there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer.

For many years every trace of powder and pigtail has disappeared from the parade as well as the saloon — and footmen are now the only persons who use a mode which once set off the aristocratic aspect of our Seymours and Hamiltons. The horsehair court-wigs of the judges seem to be recollections of the white perukes of the early Georgian era, but they are far more massive and precise than the old flowing head-dresses — their exact little curls and sternly cut brow-lines making them fit emblems of the unbending, uncompromising spirit of the modern bench. Only thirty years ago, it must be remembered, the sages of the law, even in ordinary society, sported a peculiar and marking head-gear; or rather there were two varieties in constant use, one brief and brown for the morning, the other

white, pretty ample, and terminating in pigtail, for the Lord Mayor's Feast or Bloomsbury Drum. The epoch of Reform witnessed at once the abandonment of Bloomsbury and the final abolition of these judicial ensigns. The last adherent was, we believe, the excellent Mr. Justice James Alan Park — latterly distinguished accordingly as *Bushy Park*. The general disappearance of the episcopal peruke befell at the same era of change and alarm — being warned to set their house in order, they lost no time in dealing with their heads. At this day hardly one wig ever is visible even in the House of Lords; and we must say we doubt whether most of the right reverend fathers have gained in weight of aspect by this complete revolution. It has, of course, extended over all the inferior dignitaries of the clerical order. With the exception of one most venerable relic which has often nodded in opposition to Dr. Parr's *μυγα δαυμα*, we do not suppose there remains one *Head*, with a wig, on the banks of either Cam or Isis. Yet people question the capacity or resolution for internal reforms in our academical Caputs!

The natural hair, after its long imprisonment, seemed for a moment to have run wild. The portraits of the beginning of the century, and even down to the time of Lawrence's supremacy, show the hair falling thickly upon the brow, and flowing, especially in the young, over the shoulders. Who can ever forget, that has once seen it, the portrait of young Lindley in the Dulwich Gallery by Sir Thomas — that noble and sad-looking brow, so softly shaded with luxuriant curls! At the present moment almost every lady one meets has her hair arranged in "bands" — nothing but bands, the most severe and trying of all coiffures, and one only adapted to the most classic style of beauty. For the face with a downright good-natured pug nose, or with one that is only pleasantly *retroussé*, to adopt it, is quite as absurd as for an architect to surmount an irregular Elizabethan building with a Doric frieze. Every physiognomy requires its own peculiar arrangement of hair, and we only wonder that this great truth has ever been lost sight of. There is a kind of hair full of graceful waves, which in Ireland is called "good-natured hair." There is something quite charming in its rippling line across the forehead. Art has attempted to imitate it, but the eye immediately detects the imposture — it no more resembles the real thing than the set smile of the opera-dancer does the genuine play of the features from some pleasurable emotion of the mind. This buckled hair is, in short, the same as that denounced by the early churchmen under the name of the *malice of the Devil*, a term which it well deserves. There is another kind of hair which is inclined to hang in slender thread-like locks just on the sides of the face, allowing the light and shade to fall upon the white

skin beneath with delightful effect. Painters particularly affect this picturesque falling of the hair, and it is wonderful how it softens the face, and gives archness to the eyes, which peep out as it were between their own natural trellis-work or *jalousies*. We owe to a love of the soft glossy ringlets which dally and toy with the light on their airy curves, and dance with every motion of the body. There is something exceedingly feminine and gentle in them, we think, which makes them more fitted for general adoption than any other style. But most of all to be admired for a noble, generous countenance, is that compromise between the severe-looking "band" and the flowing ringlet, in which the hair, in twisting coils of flossy silk, is allowed to fall from the forehead in a delicate sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, and is then gathered up into a single shell-like convolution behind. The Greeks were particularly fond of this arrangement in their sculpture, because it repeated the facial outline and displayed the head to perfection. Some naturally pretty women, following the lead of the strong-minded high-templed sisterhood, are in the habit of sweeping their hair at a very ugly angle off the brow, so as to show a tower of forehead and, as they suppose, produce an overawing impression. This is a sad mistake. Corinna, supreme in taste as in genius and beauty, knows better. The Greeks threw all the commanding dignity into the *ἀγκυρόν*—or bow-like ornament. We all admire this in the Diana of the British Museum. It was, however, used indifferently for both sexes—the Apollo Belvedere is crowned in the same manner. The ancients were never guilty of thinking a vast display of forehead beautiful in woman, or that it was in fact at all imposing in appearance—they invariably set the hair on low, and would have stared with horror at the atrocious practice of shaving it at the parting, adopted by some people to give height to the brow. We do not mean to lay down any absolute rule, however, even in this particular; the individuality which exists in every person's hair, as much as in their faces, should be allowed to assert itself, and the dead level of bands should never be permitted to extinguish the natural difference between the tresses of brown *Doñores*—"blue-black, lustrous, thick as horsehair"—and the Greek islanders' hair like sea-moss, that Alciphron speaks of. Least of all is such an abomination as "fixature" allowable for one moment—he must have been a bold bad man indeed, who first circulated the means of solidifying the soft and yielding hair of woman.

There is much more individuality in the treatment of gentlemen's hair, simply because most of them leave it more alone, and allow Nature to take her course; nevertheless, the lords of the earth, like the ladies, have to a

certain extent their prevailing formula, or rather the hairdressers have, of arranging the hair—to wit, one great sprawling wave across the forehead, with a cauldower growth on either side. To this pattern the artists would, if they could, reduce all creation. Their opinion upon the graceful flow of the hair is to be found in that utmost effort of their science—the wig—we mean the upstart sham so styled. Was there ever such a hideous, artificial, gentish-looking thing as the George-the-Fourthian peruke—"half in storm, half in calm"—patted down over the left temple, like a frothy cup one blows on to cool it?—Its painfully white net parting, and its painfully tight little curls, haunt us. We scarcely ever see that type now in its full original horror—but bad is the best. It seems, at first thought, very odd that they cannot make a decent imitation of a head of hair. People forge old letters, even to the imitation of the stains of time and the fading of the ink; they copy a flower until it will well-nigh entice a bee; but who ever failed to discover a wig on the instant? Its nasty, hard scalp-line against the forehead gives a positive shock to any person possessing nervous susceptibility. Surely something might be done. Nothing can ever be expected, however, to come quite up to that beautiful setting on of the hair which nature shows us; for, as a writer in a former number of this Review says—and we may be allowed to add, says beautifully—because the pen is now well known to have been held by feminine fingers—

It is the exquisite line along the roots of the hair—the graceful undulations of the shores of the head, thus given to sight, with which we are fascinated. Here the skin is invariably found finer, and the color tenderer, than any other part of the human face—like the smooth, pure sands, where the tide has just retired.*

Again, art can never match even the color of the hair to the complexion and the temperament of the individual. Did any one ever see a man with a head of hair of his own growing that did not suit him? On the other hand, was there ever seen a wig that seemed a part of the man? The infinite variety of Nature in managing the coiffure is unapproachable. One man's hair she tosses up in a sea of curls; another's she smoothes down to the meekness of a maid's; a third's she flames up, like a conflagration; a fourth's she seems to have crystallized, each hair thwarting and crossing its neighbor, like a mass of needles; to a fifth she imparts that sweet and graceful flow which F. Grant and all other feeling painters do their best to copy. In color and texture, again, she is equally excellent; each flesh-

* See Essays by the Authoress of *Letters from the Baltic*, lately collected as *Reading for the Rail*.

tint has its agreeing shade and character of hair, which if a man departs from, he disguises himself. What a standing protest is the sandy whisker to the glossy black peruke! Again, how contradictory and withered a worn old face looks, whose shaggy white eyebrows are crowned by chestnut curling locks! It reminds us of a style of drawing in vogue with ladies some years since, in which a bright colored haymaker is seen at work in a cold, blacklead pencil landscape.

Of the modern beard and whisker we desire to write respectfully. A mutton chop seems to have suggested the form of the substantial British whisker. Out of this simple design countless varieties of forms have arisen. How have they arisen! Can any one give an account of his own whiskers from their birth upwards! To our mind there is nothing more mysterious than the growth of this manly appendage. Did any far-seeing youth deliberately design his own whisker! Was there ever known a hobbledohoy who saw "a great future" in his silken down, and determined to train it in the way it should go? We think not. British whiskers, in truth, have grown up like all the great institutions of the country, noiselessly and persistently — an outward expression, as the Germans would say, of the inner life of the people; the general idea allowing of infinite variety according to the individuality of the wearer. Let us take the next half-dozen men passing by the window as we write. The first has his whiskers tucked into the corners of his mouth, as though he were holding them up with his teeth. The second whisker that we descry has wandered into the middle of the cheek, and there stopped as though it did not know where to go to, like a youth who has ventured out into the middle of a ball-room with all eyes upon him. Yonder bunch of bristles (No. 3) twists the contrary way under the owner's ear; he could not for the life of him tell why it retrograded so. That fourth citizen with the vast Pacific of a face has little whiskers which seem to have stopped short after two inches of voyage, as though aghast at the prospect of having to double such a Cape Horn of a chin. We perceive coming a tremendous pair, running over the shirt-collar in luxuriant profusion. Yet we see as the colonel or general takes off his hat to that lady that he is quite bald — those whiskers are, in fact, nothing but a tremendous landslide from the veteran's head!

Even in Europe, some skins seem to have no power of producing hair at all. Dark, thick-complexioned people are frequently quite destitute of either beard or whisker, and Nature now and then, as if to restore the balance, produces a hairy woman. A charming example was exhibiting a short time since in town. The description she gives of herself

in every particular we will not back, but here it is from the printed bill:—

The public is most respectfully informed that Mad. FORTUNNE, one of the most curious phenomena which ever appeared in Europe, has arrived in London, in the person of a young woman, 21 years of age, whose face, which is of an extraordinary whiteness, is surrounded by a beard as black as jet, about four inches in length. The beard is as thick and bushy as that of any man. The young lady is a native of Geneva, in Switzerland, and has received a most brilliant education. She speaks French fluently, and will answer all the questions that may be addressed to her. Her beard, which reaches from one eye to the other, perfectly encircles the face, forming the most surprising contrast, but without impairing its beauty. Her bust is most finely formed, and leaves not the least doubt as to her sex. She will approach all the persons who may honor her with their presence, and give an account of her origin and birth, and explain the motives which induced her to quit her country. Everybody will also be allowed to touch her beard, so as to be convinced that it is perfectly natural.

The beard was certainly a most glorious specimen, and shamed any man's that we have ever seen.

Of the *expression* of hair—could we *press* for the nonce a quill from Esthonia—much might be well and edifyingly said. The Greeks, with their usual subtlety in reading Nature, and interpreting her in their works of Art, have distinguished their gods by the variations of this excrement. Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules again remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own seaweed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus. What gives the loose and wanton air to the portraits in Charles II.'s bedchamber at Hampton Court? Duchess and Countess sweep along the canvas with all the dignity that Lely could flatter them with; but on the disordered curls and the forehead fringed with love-locks Cyprian is plainly written. Even Nell Gwyn, retired into the deep shade of the alcove, beckons us with her sweet soft redundancy of ringlets. But too well woman knows the power Venus has endowed her with in this silken lasso:—

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

In the rougher sex the temper and disposition are more apparent from the set of the hair than in woman, because, as already observed, they allow it to follow more the arrangement of nature. Curly hair bespeaks the sanguine temperament, lank hair the phlegmatic. Poets for the most part, we believe, have had curly hair—though our own age has exhibited some notable exceptions to the rule. Physiology has not yet decided upon what the curl is dependent, but we feel satisfied it arises from a flattening of one side of the hair more than the other.

So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust. We confess that few monstrosities in this line affect us more dismally than the combination of dandy *favoris* with the, however reduced, peruke of Brother Briefless or Brother Hardup. It is needless to add that anything like hirsute luxuriance about a sacerdotal physiognomy is offensive to every orthodox admirer of the *via media*—to all the Anglican community, it is probable, excepting some inveterate embroideresses of red and blue altar-cloths and tall curates' slippers.

From the Athenæum.

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.

By ALFRED TENNYSON, Poet-Laureate. A New edition. Moxon.

MR. TENNYSON has suffered from the severity of the critics in their remarks on the first hasty edition of his laureate lyric to the memory of the "Great Duke;" and, as we had the means of informing our readers in our own view of the "Ode," that it was his intention to do, he has subjected his work to a thorough revision, and sought to make it more worthy at once of himself and of his subject. The poem in its amended state has much of that finish which the writer had not time in the pressure of the immediate occasion to communicate to the original draft. In this issue not only are there many passages added of great power and beauty, but such minute corrections are introduced into single lines as amount nearly to recomposition. All this may seem strange to those who have been accustomed to look on poetry as an inspiration rather than an art; but to the better instructed it will furnish a modern instance in corroboration of the Horatian maxim, that time and leisure are essential to the production of a perfect poem. The comparative failure of

Mr. Tennyson's first sketch is, moreover, one of the penalties of the Laureateship. The mind of the free poet, who has been privileged to act on the pure impulse of his will, must need feel an inauspicious constraint when urged to its office by the prescription of an external occasion—and will be perplexed by the presence of a necessity which is not that of its own inspiration. The Muse is a spirit who will not be compelled; and Mr. Tennyson has found his profit in waiting till she was ready to lend him her willing aid in the task of revision.

It would require an extensive collation of passages to point out the minute corrections to be found in this new edition—and much remark and analysis touching the effect of diction on the mind to measure their precise propriety;—but the reader who has no wish to be too metaphysical may practically put himself into the way of judging of the matter by re-perusing the poem in its present shape, and consciously remarking the different impressions which it makes, though in substance it is the same poem. There are a completeness and compactness, produced by what is added and what is subtracted, that satisfy and fill the imagination with a sense of harmony that was previously wanting. In some cases there are a proportion and an artistic reserve indicated in the change of a mere epithet which makes all the difference in the world to the feeling. Thus, in the fifth line of the first Ode, there was the phrase—

When laurel-garlanded heroes fall.

The compound epithet was injurious to the simplicity proper to an exordium, and injudiciously anticipated the decorations befitting the body of the poem. Mr. Tennyson, therefore, now prints the line in question and its two predecessors and successors as follows:—

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

In the next stanza the poet supplies an omission in the first draft—that of the place of the hero's death:—

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
He died on Walmer's lonely shore,
But here, in streaming London's central roar,
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

—The contrast between the quiet of the one spot and the noise of the other, is full of suggested significance. The soul of the duke, like that of Coriolanus, was familiar in life with the stir and bustle of numbers in compe-

tion — so let it be with him in his death !
 "Hark! the trumpets. These are the ushers
 of Marcius ; before him he carries noise, and
 behind him he leaves tears." There is a
 feeling finely appropriate and full of the true
 warlike sentiment in the lines above cited,
 and which the two verses now introduced, and
 distinguished in our quotations by italics, serve
 more fully to develop.

The great difficulty experienced by Mr.
 Tennyson in this laureate Ode has evidently
 lain in his desire to penetrate through the
 martial symbols to the moral meaning of the
 duke's life. It is with manifest unwillingness
 that he touches on the political differences
 and the battle-fields with which the duke's
 memory is associated. He would transcend
 these, or else treat them as types of the spir-
 itual, and lose them in the radiance of what
 they symbolized. War is alien, indeed, to
 the prevailing sentiment of the age. Its very
 glories are like the "fine gold" that has
 "become dim," — and no longer dazzle the
 popular mind as they did. Accordingly, Mr.
 Tennyson interpreted them all by the one
 large term "duty," in the light of which a
 public lesson may be learnt, and the duke's
 example may prove the guiding star to any
 man however peacefully disposed. This, in
 fact, has been so generally felt, that the
 lesson has been dwelt on to satiety. By Mr.
 Tennyson it has been made the theme of one
 of the most brilliant passages in his Ode —
 which we cited in our former article. To
 that passage are now added the following
 lines : —

Such was he ; his work is done ;
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
 Till in all lands and through all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory.

Mr. Tennyson seems now, however, to have
 felt that he had dwelt too exclusively on the
 moral phases of the duke's character ; and he
 has supplied an additional number of refer-
 ences to the soldier-life of the departed
 warrior. He now reminds us that

No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street ;

— and in the apostrophe to the shade of
 Nelson, he adds to the allusions to the duke's
 victories the following : —

And underneath a nearer sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labored rampart-lines,
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,

Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms.

This word "banded" was "bandit" in
 the former copy. The alteration is a judi-
 cious one.

In the following citation, the lines in
 italics are additions or emendations : —

A people's voice ! we are a people yet,
 Though all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers,
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
And kept it ours, O God, from brute control ;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ;
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds be sane and crowns be just ;
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust.
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 Revere his warning ; guard your coasts ;
Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 Forever ; and whatever tempests lour
 Forever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor paltered with Eternal God for power ;
Whose life was work, whose language life
With rugged maxims heaven from life ;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke,
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right ;
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

From this section lines have been also
 omitted — but it is not necessary to distin-
 guish the rejected. Altogether this strophe
 of the Ode is decidedly improved in its effect.
 It has gained power by compression as well
 as by dilation.

We will point out another additional gem
 or two — and then conclude. They occur
 in the last strophe ; — we have italicized the
 lines.

We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity,
Lifted up in heart are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And victor he must ever be.
For though the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and eevermore
Make and break, and work their will ;

Though worlds on worlds in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March sounds in the people's
ears ;
The dark crowd moves ; and there are sobs and
tears ;
The black earth yawns ; the mortal disappears ;
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;
He is gone who seemed so great.

—It will be obvious to the critical reader that the lines in *italics* serve to develop and illustrate the thought, and are not arbitrary extensions of the original matters.

The poem as it now stands has the mature stamp of the artist upon it. There are yet a few things which we should have liked to see removed or amended :—we will instance the imperfect rhymes commencing the sixth strophe—viz., “guest,” “priest,” “rest.” This dissonance might have been avoided by an additional verse rhyming to “priest.” Standing where it does, at the commencement of the finest section of the poem, the triplet in question is offensive. It is, besides, the only instance of poetic license thus abused ; and as it may be easily remedied, we hope to see the requisite line added in the next edition.

From the Critic.

THE MESSRS. Clark, of Edinburgh, determined to maintain the high reputation of their “Foreign Theological Library,” have just added to the series a twenty-eighth volume, containing *A General Historico-Critical Introduction to the Old Testament*, by H. A. Ch. Hävernick, late Teacher of Theology in the University of Königsberg, translated from the German by William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. This work of Professor Hävernick, an orthodox German divine, is one of the most important that have been recently published on the subject of Old Testament criticism. The second and third chapters especially, which treat of the original languages of the Old Testament Scriptures, and of the history of the text, deserve notice, as containing much information which the mere English reader would not find elsewhere. Indeed, the whole is the production of a learned and earnest scholar. In some parts, however, it labors under the disadvantage of obscurity. Of this and other drawbacks the able translator, while he commends the work as a whole, complains in the following terms :—“It is not, indeed, free from defects. The translator feels himself at liberty to acknowledge that on several points Dr. Hävernick has failed to carry conviction to his mind ; that his conclusions are not always such as his premises

seem to justify, at least to the full extent ; that not unfrequently he has fallen under the charge of obscurity and vagueness both of thought and expression ; that sometimes his ponderous learning rather encumbers than aids his reasonings ; and that now and then he has misapprehended the point of an opponent’s argument, or has tried to turn it aside by what is irrelevant. But, after every deduction is made that can be justly made on the score of such deficiencies, the work, he is persuaded, will commend itself to literate theologians as one of the most valuable contributions which Germany has furnished to Biblical Criticism and Isagogic.” A translator must be both very conscientious, and have great confidence in the merits of his author, when he thus ventures to call attention to his defects. The charge of obscurity is one that has been brought against Dr. Hävernick even by his own countrymen, and we are therefore bound to express to Dr. Alexander all the more thanks for the pains he must have taken to present us with this translation.

Another noticeable importation from Germany is *The Lord’s Day*, by E. W. Hengstenberg, Doctor and Professor of Theology at Berlin, translated by James Martin, B.A., of Lymington. The Sabbath Observance question is one upon which enlightened English readers must feel that it is not indifferent to know what is the opinion of our continental Protestant brethren, and especially of such a man as Professor Hengstenberg, who, now that we have lost the illustrious Neander, may be regarded as the chief expositor of German orthodoxy. The present treatise is divided into three parts, in the first of which the author treats of “The Old Testament ; its Letter and Spirit,” and in the second of “The Sabbath of the Jews, and the Sunday of Christians ; containing—I. A history of opinions on the connexion between the Sabbath and Sunday. II. Investigation of the connexion between the Sabbath and Sunday.” Part III. contains “Remedial Efforts examined.” The doctrine of the strict observance of the Sabbath, as it prevails in this country and America, has of late obtained many advocates in Germany, and the year 1850 stands especially marked for the zeal and energy with which those advocates sought to bring the subject before their countrymen. “Societies were formed, prizes offered, a periodical started, and a large number of publications issued and put in circulation,” all with a view to enforce the English, or, as it is sometimes called, the Puritanical doctrine of the Sabbath. Professor Hengstenberg, not entirely disapproving of these efforts, at the same time sees a danger in such enthusiasm being carried too far, and at last landing its authors in a Pharisaic formalism. In this, as everything, therefore, he wishes to consult the Holy Scriptures, in

which he finds nothing to authorize the view of the conversion of the Jewish Sabbath into the Christian Sunday. Antiquity also is against such a view of the question. "This opinion that the Jewish Sabbath has been simply transferred to the Sunday was entirely unknown in the first ages of Christianity. So much so, that it is never even discussed; whilst the opposite opinion is always mentioned, without any appearance of partiality, as that which universally prevailed." In confirmation of this he quotes the evidence of Justin Martyr, Tertullian, Irenæus, Augustine, Jerome, Bede, Thomas Aquinas, and others successively, down to the time of the German Reformation, when he shows that both the great Luther and the pious Melancthon were entirely opposed to the doctrine of the identity of the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday. "The opinion that the Sabbath was transferred to the Sunday was first broached in its perfect form, and with all its consequences, in the controversy which was carried on in England between the Episcopalians and Presbyterians. . . . The Presbyterians maintained that the fourth commandment was a perpetual one, binding upon all ages, and that the difference between the Old and New Testament consisted solely in this, that at the command of God, given through the Apostles, the first day of the week was substituted for the seventh." The writer's own opinion may be partly gathered from the following sentences: "On what then is our duty founded, to select Sunday as the day to be observed, since, as we have shown, we cannot dispense with a fixed and regularly returning period, exclusively devoted to the worship of God? We reply, in the first place, on the same feeling which first dictated that selection. This reason must have the same force as ever, since Christ is still the same Saviour, and his resurrection, the climax of his whole work of redemption, must have the same importance for us, as for those who saw him, when risen, with their bodily eyes," &c. In his anxiety to avoid what he calls "one-sidedness, extreme views, and the splitting of hairs," it is difficult to obtain from him, in brief, any decided opinion on the subject. From a perusal of the entire work, however, it may be gathered that he is rather opposed to than favorable towards the introduction into Germany of the English doctrine of Sabbath observance. As a summary of the argument on both sides, Dr. Hengstenberg's treatise is highly valuable, and as such we commend it to the notice of our readers.

The Coming Struggle with Rome, not Religious but Political; an American's Word of Warning to the English People, by Pierce Connelly, M.A., is a pamphlet of stirring in-

terest, as may at once be inferred from the fact that it has already reached a sixth edition. Commencing with a narrative of a private wrong which he sustained at the hands of the Romish priesthood, namely, the removal of his wife from his protection, and his being denied all intercourse with her—a matter which our readers will recollect formed the subject of a public trial, and in which Mr. Connelly obtained no redress—the writer proceeds to call attention to the various infringements of the Church of Rome upon the liberties of Englishmen generally, and warns them that what he has himself suffered is only an evidence of a wide-spread and deeply-rooted conspiracy to crush, not only our religious freedom, but our civil and political institutions. Mr. Connelly writes with considerable vigor; but he is too much of an alarmist. We do not dread all the fearful consequences of the Emancipation Act, as set forth by him, and we believe that England is still great enough and wise enough to guard against the machinations of Italian cardinals and Irish priests. With Mr. Connelly's private griefs we sympathize heartily, and, without being learned in the law, consider it a great hardship that he should not before this time have obtained redress.

The Working Man's Way in the World; being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. Reprinted in New York.

Except the "Services" and the police force, perhaps few callings exhibit so much intelligence, spirit, and character among the mass of their followers, as printers. And this autobiography of a journeyman printer displays a good deal of those qualities in himself, or in the persons of some natural mark he encountered during a busy life employed in London, the country, and at Paris. For he was engaged as a compositor in a Parisian office, which printed the once celebrated piratical editions of English new books; he witnessed the Revolution of 1830; and on his return he took part as a volunteer "special" in opposing the Bristol riot. When the interest of a work depends upon its facts, the guarantee of a name is desirable; but we see no reason to doubt the authenticity of this autobiography. The incidents are probable, in fact, common; and the persons such as are met with every day, besides bearing a strong look of likeness. When the autobiographer passes beyond the individual and attempts to generalize—as in his later sketches, such as the "Reader," and especially the "Overseer,"—he falls into the wordiness and effort of magazine-writing; and in the more particular parts, he sometimes endeavors to make more of a subject than it will bear. The better portions of the narrative possess a naturalness and reality akin to the autobiography of Franklin. The book was originally published in *Tait's Magazine*, and it merited republication. — *Spectator*.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LIBERIAN BLACKSMITH.

Was there ever a person like Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom in actual existence? What we want to know is, whether an individual born in slavery, and bred under the degrading and stupefying influences of that condition, could possibly be so admirable in character, so meek and yet so firm, so amiable, so conscientious, and so intelligently pious as that wonderful hero of romance is represented to have been? Some eminent critics have boldly asserted that the character is an impossible one. Even Mrs. Stowe herself seems to have been sensible of the objection, and willing to admit its truth; for she declares, or, what amounts to the same thing, makes Arthur St. Clair affirm, that a slave like Uncle Tom is a "moral miracle." Such an admission might lead one to believe that the lady's genius is more powerful than her reasoning faculty. It overmasters her; and, like a prophetess of old, she utters higher truths than she can fully comprehend. But the reader shall judge.

Suppose, for a moment, that Uncle Tom had been depicted as not only excellent in every moral quality, but also a man of strong intellect and great learning; suppose that he had been represented as acquiring, by his unaided exertions, not only the common elements of education, but a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and even some acquaintance with Hebrew, and as exciting, by his theological disquisitions, the admiration of a large assembly of clergymen: here would have been an intellectual prodigy, combined with the "moral miracle." Mrs. Stowe would evidently not have ventured upon such a delineation; and if she had, the critics would unanimously have scouted it as outraging the utmost bounds of the natural and probable. A writer of fiction must keep within these bounds, and the lady has probably gone as far as the limits of art would allow her. But truth is privileged, and acknowledges no such artistical restrictions. It is quite true, if human testimony is to be believed, that such a moral and intellectual prodigy as has just been described did exist, at no great distance from the scene of Uncle Tom's imaginary adventures and sufferings. The particulars of this remarkable case, as they have come to our knowledge, may be briefly told.

About six years ago a narrative appeared in some American journals which excited a good deal of interest. It was an account of "a learned black blacksmith," or, in other words, of a negro slave, who, while working as a mechanic, had managed first to learn to read and write; then to acquire a considerable proficiency in the classical tongues; and, finally, to commence the study of Hebrew. Indeed, as usually happens in such cases, his

attainments were at first exaggerated, and he was represented as having made himself acquainted with no less than seven languages, and as thus being hardly inferior in learning to Elihu Burritt himself. The story in this form attracted the attention of some benevolent persons. Inquiries were made; and the simple truth, divested of all embellishment, was found to be sufficiently extraordinary to awaken a strong feeling in his favor, and to lead to efforts which resulted in his liberation. In the year 1846, a Presbyterian minister, belonging to the synod of Alabama, sent to a religious newspaper of New Orleans a short biography of this remarkable slave. From this and other sources, we learn that Ellis, or, as he subsequently wrote his name, Harrison W. Ellis, was born in Pittsylvania County, in the state of Virginia. In early life he "was removed" from that place to Tennessee; but whether in this removal he accompanied his old master, or was sold to another, is not stated. At the age of nine years he formed the purpose of learning to read, principally in order that he might be able to peruse the Bible. He had observed that ministers, in preaching, always read from the Bible, and spoke of it as being the Word of God; and the expression, so customary as to pass without notice from ordinary hearers, made a strong impression upon his mind. It would be interesting to learn the exact methods by which he succeeded in accomplishing his purpose; but all his biographer tells us, that in despite of numerous obstacles, such as would have deterred almost any one else, he succeeded in learning to read, and afterwards to write. When he was twenty-five years old another removal took place. This time he was transferred to the state of Alabama. He was still a slave, laboring at the trade of a blacksmith, of course for his master's benefit. A thirst for knowledge had been awakened in his mind; and after reading a good many books, principally on religious subjects, he was led to undertake the study of the Latin language. He had no regular instruction, but received, it is stated, "some little assistance from one person and another, as a casual opportunity afforded it."

This statement, it may be observed, does not altogether harmonize with the commonly received opinion, that the slaves in America are purposely kept in gross ignorance, and that to teach one to read is treated as a criminal offence. The fact is, that such prohibitory and penal laws really exist, and that a school for the instruction of slaves would not be tolerated; but the efforts of individual slaves to acquire instruction, either from one another or from good-natured whites, are rarely if ever interfered with. The difficulties which opposed Ellis' pursuit of knowledge

do not seem to have been greater than a poor laboring man would have had to encounter in most parts of Europe during the last century. What excites our surprise in the case of Ellis, is not the extent of his acquirements, or the magnitude of the obstacles which he had to overcome, but that a negro, and a slave, should thus devote himself earnestly to intellectual pursuits. The negro race is regarded by some as naturally deficient in mental capacity, and a slave has apparently no motive for attempting to improve his mind. It does not appear that Ellis commenced his studies with any expectation that they would procure him his freedom, or in any way ameliorate his circumstances. He studied, partly that he might better comprehend his Bible, and partly for the mere love of learning. Having acquired some knowledge of Latin, he afterwards undertook the study of Greek, and subsequently of Hebrew. In the latter, however, he made very little progress, owing to the want of books—a difficulty, indeed, which had retarded his progress throughout his studies. "It cannot be said," observes the clergyman who wrote of him in 1846, "that he is a finished scholar in either the Latin or Greek languages. He has, however, acquired such a knowledge of both, as to be able, without any assistance, to prosecute his studies in them to any length he may wish. His acquaintance with his own tongue is such as to enable him to speak and write it with as much propriety as is common among educated men. While he has read and studied some authors on natural science, moral philosophy, and the like, his reading has been confined for the most part to religious books. Dwight, Dick, and Boston, are the theological writers with whom he is most familiar."

In what way the abilities and acquirements of this remarkable slave first became known does not appear. It may be presumed, however, that some Presbyterian minister was induced to take an interest in him, and to bring his case under the notice of the ruling bodies of that church, as it appears that in the year already mentioned the synods of Alabama and Mississippi combined to purchase his freedom and that of his family, with the view of sending them to Africa under the care of the American Board of Missions. It was intended that Ellis should be ordained as a missionary, and with this view he was introduced at a meeting of the presbytery of Tuscaloosa as a candidate for clerical orders. The impression he made is thus recorded by the writer who has been already quoted, and who then apparently saw him for the first time:—"I believe I utter the sentiments of the whole presbytery, and of the large assembly present at his examination, when I say, that for precision on the details of religious experience—for sober, rational views of

what constitutes a call to the ministry—for sound, consistent, scriptural views of the leading doctrines of the Gospel, few candidates for the office have been known to equal him. The effect of his statements was greatly increased by the fact, that he seemed to be presenting rather the results of his own reflections than what he had learned from the investigations of others. On many points, there was a striking originality in his mode of exhibiting his sentiments. He also read a sermon of his own composition, of which some of the members thought so highly, that they proposed that the presbytery should order its publication. It certainly looked and sounded very strange—it was almost incredible—to see and hear one who had been all his life a slave, with none but the ordinary privileges of a slave, reading a production so correct in language, so forcible in style, so logical in argument, and abounding in quotations from the Bible so intelligently and pertinently applied." So well satisfied was the presbytery of his fitness for the office, that arrangements were immediately made to ordain him as a missionary during the next session of the synod.

Ellis was at that time between thirty and forty years of age. He is described as of pure negro parentage, and quite black; his grandfather, indeed, was a native of Africa. His wife was about the same age, and could read. They had two children, a son and daughter. The former, a sprightly lad, seventeen years old, could not only read and write, but had made some progress in the study of arithmetic, geography, and other branches of school learning. The daughter, then eleven years of age, had just commenced learning to read. It must be borne in mind that the only opportunities which the children could have had for receiving instruction, were such as occurred in the casual intervals of their own and their father's labor.

It appears that the benevolent intentions of the two synods were promptly carried into effect. In looking through a series of the publications of the American Colonization Society, we are enabled to trace the results. In March, 1847, a schooner arrived at Liberia from New Orleans with a party of emigrants for the colony. A letter from an American physician, then residing in Liberia as the agent of the United States government, gives an account of the arrival of these emigrants, and thus notices the one in whom we are chiefly interested:—"I am pleased with the manners and character of Mr. Ellis, 'the learned black blacksmith,' who came out in the schooner, and who, with his wife and two children, was liberated from slavery by the Presbyterian synods of Alabama and Mississippi, at an expense of 2500 dollars. Although the accounts which have been pub-

lished respecting his proficiency as a scholar, especially as a linguist, may have been exaggerated, yet I think he is an extraordinary man; and I hope his example and influence may be highly beneficial to this country."

In the *African Repository* for 1848, there appears a brief letter from Mr. Ellis himself, addressed to one of his clerical friends in Alabama. He was then in excellent spirits, well pleased with the colony, and content with his own prospects. A few months after his arrival in Liberia, the pulpit of one of the Presbyterian churches in Monrovia became vacant, and Mr. Ellis was installed pastor of the church. Five members, he writes, have since been added to the church, one of whom was his own son. A year later, we find, by a paragraph in the same publication, that, besides performing the duties of his pastoral charge, Mr. Ellis had commenced his missionary labors among the natives. "He is studying," we are here told, "the language of two wild tribes, in order to be able to preach to them in their own tongue. He says, that the Mandingoes claim him for their countryman, because his grandfather was born in Africa. This tribe are Mohammedans; and some of their priests, he says, are intelligent, being capable of reading Hebrew when written in the Arabic character." Two years later, there appears a somewhat long letter from Mr. Ellis, giving some interesting information concerning Liberia, in answer to a letter of inquiry from a gentleman in Alabama, and at the same time affording us a good insight into the character of the writer, who certainly bears a strong moral resemblance to Uncle Tom. For instance, supposing the latter to have obtained an education, and afterwards to have settled in Liberia, would he have answered an inquiry about "the general capacity of Liberian children," in terms very different from those of the following intelligent and quaintly-expressed reply?—"The children of Liberia are exactly like the white children in America; and as this part of our community have the best opportunity to equal the corresponding part in America, their equality can be better seen. And as remarkable as this branch of society is [that is, white children in America], old persons [slaves] had not the opportunity of seeing much of it where we came from, so that many think our children have more penetrating minds than those of America. This supposition arose out of the above-mentioned circumstance; but it is not well-founded. The fact is, if there be any difference, it is in this—perhaps the children in Liberia learn as fast, if not faster, for the first few years; but it may be that the young Americans continue their mental improvement the longest. I think—though there may be circumstances

by which we shall be able, after a while, to account better for the facts just alluded to—I think it most probable, that 'the lambs stop eating, because the shepherds get out of corn;' the children stop learning, when their teacher cannot teach them any further. But," he adds, alluding to the recent establishment of some good schools in Liberia, "this sad state of things does not exist at present."

There is another passage in the letter which deserves to be quoted, as it strikingly evinces the truth of Mrs. Stowe's representation of character. Uncle Tom's meek endurance of all the wrongs of slavery, his refusal to make use of his "pass" for the purpose of escaping, and the excuses which he finds for his master's hard treatment of him, have been censured by critics as indicating a state of feeling altogether unnatural and improbable in a slave. Now, our learned blacksmith had been a slave till he was past thirty years of age; he had apparently been twice sold—he had certainly had to give nearly all his earnings to his master, and to submit entirely to his master's will; yet he "strove," as he himself said, "to make himself agreeable and happy" in this condition, and he counselled all his brethren to submission.

At this time, Mr. Ellis had accepted a new responsibility, probably more in compliance with the wishes of others, than in accordance with his own views. A high school, supported by the Presbyterian Board of Missions in New York, had been established at Monrovia, and Mr. Ellis was appointed the master of it. As might have been expected, the arrangement proved to be an injudicious one. Experience has shown that a person entirely self-taught, however great his abilities and his learning, is rarely if ever qualified for the office of a teacher. The art of instruction, like other arts, must be acquired by an apprenticeship. The self-taught man, with his mind full of scientific truths and classical erudition, finds himself ignorant of numerous important methods and essential details which he could have acquired in any well-conducted village-school. Hence we are not surprised to learn, from a recent report on the state of education in Liberia, that the high school had been less successful than its patrons expected. "The uncommon talents and industry of its principal, the Rev. Mr. Ellis, manifested in acquiring a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages while a slave," adds this report, "do not adequately supply the place of that thorough and careful training in the rudiments, which every teacher needs, in order to teach others to the best advantage." Under these circumstances, the proper course was taken; a new principal—a graduate of an American theological seminary—was appointed to the

school, and Mr. Ellis was left free to pursue the pastoral and missionary labors for which he was best qualified.

Such is the sum of our information concerning this learned, sensible, and pious negro slave. The story is a suggestive one in various ways, and might give occasion for many reflections on slavery and its effects on African civilization, distinctions of race, and so forth. We choose, however, to leave it simply as a *pièce justificative*—as a French historian would say—of the now world-famous American romance; merely observing, that if Mrs. Stowe's fiction is strange, the plain truth maintains its superiority, as usual, by being stranger still.

A WONDERFUL BONE.

In a small work on the *Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age*, by Mr. Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull (Blackwood & Sons), the author touches on the subject of comparative anatomy, and the pitch to which a study of it has been carried in this country. We gladly make room for the following passages:—

The incident which I am about to mention, exhibits the result of an immense induction of particulars in this noble science, and bears no faint analogy to the magnificent astronomical calculation, or prediction, whichever one may call it, presently to be laid before you. Let it be premised, that Cuvier, the late illustrious French physiologist and comparative anatomist, had said, that in order to deduce from a single fragment of its structure, the entire animal, it was necessary to have a *tooth*, or an entire articulated *extremity*. In his time, the comparison was limited to the external configuration of bone. The study of the *internal* structure had not proceeded so far.

In the year 1839, Professor Owen was sitting alone in his study when a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, announcing that he had got a great curiosity which he had brought from New Zealand, and wished to dispose of it to him. Any one in London can now see the article in question, for it is deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has the appearance of an old marrow-bone, about six inches in length, and rather more than two inches in thickness, with *both extremities broken off*; and Professor Owen considered, that to whatever animal it might have belonged, the fragment must have lain in the earth for centuries. At first, he considered this same marrow-bone to have belonged to an ox—at all events, to a quadruped; for the wall or rim of the bone was six times as thick as the bone of any bird, even the ostrich. He compared it with the bones in the skeleton of an ox, a horse, a camel, a tapir—and every quadruped apparently possessing a bone of that size and configuration; but it corresponded with none. On this, he very narrowly examined the surface of the bony rim, and at length became satisfied

that this monstrous fragment must have belonged to a *bird*! to one at least as large as an ostrich, but of a totally different species; and consequently, one never before heard of, as an ostrich was by far the biggest bird known. From the difference in the *strength* of the bone, the ostrich being unable to fly, so must have been unable this unknown bird; and so our anatomist came to the conclusion, that this odd, shapeless bone indicated the former existence, in New Zealand, of some huge bird, at least as great as an ostrich, but of a far heavier and more sluggish kind. Professor Owen was confident of the validity of his conclusions, but could communicate that confidence to no one else; and notwithstanding attempts to dissuade him from committing his views to the public, he printed his deductions in the *Transactions of the Zoological Society* for the year 1839, where fortunately they remain on record as conclusive evidence of the fact of his having then made this guess, so to speak, in the dark. He caused the bone, however, to be engraved; and having sent one hundred copies of the engraving to New Zealand, in the hopes of their being distributed, and leading to interesting results, he patiently waited for three years—namely, till the year 1843—when he received intelligence from Dr. Buckland, at Oxford, that a great box, just arrived from New Zealand, consigned to himself, was on its way, unopened, to Professor Owen; who found it filled with bones, palpably of a bird, one of which was three feet in length, and much more than double the size of any bone in the ostrich! And out of the contents of this box the professor was positively enabled to articulate almost the entire skeleton of a huge wingless bird, between *ten and eleven feet* in height, its bony structure in strict conformity with the fragment in question; and that skeleton may be at any time seen at the Museum of the College of Surgeons, towering over, and nearly twice the height of the skeleton of an ostrich; and at its feet is lying the old bone, from which alone consummate anatomical science had deduced such an astounding reality; the existence of an enormous extinct creature of the bird kind, in an island where previously no bird had been known to exist larger than a pheasant or a common fowl!

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